

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## SWINBURNE.

Children and lovers and the cloud-robed sea  
 Shall mourn him first; and then the mother-land,  
 Weeping in silence by his empty hand  
 And fallen sword, that flashed for Liberty.  
 Song-bringer of a glad new minstrelsy,  
 He came and found joy sleeping and swift fanned  
 Old pagan fires, then snatched an altar brand  
 And wrote, "The fearless only shall be free!"

Oh, by the flame that made thy heart a home,  
 By the wild surges of thy silver song,  
 Seer before the sunrise, may there come  
 Spirits of dawn to light this aching wrong  
 Called Earth! Thou saw'st them in the fore-glow roam;  
 But we still wait and watch, still thirst and long.

*Eden Phillpotts.*

The Athenaeum.

## POT POURRI.

Love is like the roses,  
 Fair and sweet in June.  
 When in garden closes  
 Birds are all a-tune.  
 Pluck the flower, it grows for you,  
 Blushing 'neath its veil of dew.  
 Love is like the roses,  
 Fair and sweet in June.  
 Love is like the roses—  
 How the color pales!  
 From the garden closes  
 Gone the nightingales;  
 Dim the petals are, and dry;  
 Say not, rose, that love must die!  
 Love is like the roses—  
 How the color pales!  
 Love is like the roses!  
 Still their fragrance stays,

Spite of leafless closes  
 Through the winter days.  
 Rose-leaves in your china bowl—  
 Love still treasured in your soul!  
 Love is like the roses—  
 Still its fragrance stays.

*Catherine Grant Furley.*

Chambers's Journal.

## THE COUNTRY CHILD.

The Country Child has fragrances  
 He breathes about him as he goes;  
 Clear eyes that look at distances,  
 And in his cheeks the wilding rose.

The sun, the sun himself will stain  
 The country face to his own red,  
 The red-gold of the ripening grain,  
 And bleach to white the curly head.

He rises to the morning lark,  
 Sleeps with the evening primroses,  
 Before the curtain of the dark  
 Lets down its splendor, starred with bees.

He sleeps so sweet without a dream  
 Under brown cottage eaves and deep,  
 His window holds one stray moon-beam,  
 As though an angel kept his sleep.

He feeds on honest country fare,  
 Drinks the clear water of the spring,  
 Green carpets wait him everywhere,  
 Where he may run, where he may sing.

He hath his country lore by heart,  
 And what is friend and what is foe;  
 Hath conned Dame Nature's book apart,  
 Her child since he began to grow.

When he is old, when he goes sad,  
 Hobbling upon a twisted knee,  
 He keeps somewhat of joys he had  
 Since an old countryman is he.

He keeps his childhood's innocencies,  
 Though his old head be bleached to snow,  
 Forget-me-nots still hold his eyes,  
 And in his cheeks old roses blow.

*Katharine Tynan.*

The Spectator.

## THE ESSENTIALS OF GREAT POETRY.

The decay of authority is one of the most marked features of our time. Religion, politics, art, manners, speech, even morality, considered in its widest sense, have all felt the waning of traditional authority, and the substitution for it of individual opinion and taste, and of the wavering and contradictory utterances of publications ostensibly occupied with criticism and supposed to be pronouncing serious judgments. By authority I do not mean the delivery of dogmatic decisions, analogous to those issued by a legal tribunal from which there is no appeal, that have to be accepted and obeyed, but the existence of a body of opinion of long standing, arrived at after due investigation and experience during many generations, and reposing on fixed principles or fundamentals of thought. This it is that is being dethroned in our day, and is being supplanted by a babel of clashing irreconcilable utterances, often proceeding from the same quarters, even the same mouths.

In no department of thought has this been more conspicuous than in that of literature, especially the higher class of literature; and it is most patent in the prevailing estimate of that branch of literature to which lip-homage is still paid as the highest of all, viz. poetry. Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, have not been openly dethroned; but it would require some boldness to deny that even their due recognition has been indirectly questioned by a considerable amount of neglect, as compared with the interest shown alike by readers and reviewers in poets and poetry of lesser stature. Are we to conclude from this that there is no standard, that there exist no permanent canons by which the relative greatness of poets and poetry can be estimated with reasonable conclusiveness? It is the

purpose of this essay to show that such there are.

The expression of individual opinion upon a subject so wide, no matter who the individual might be, would obviously be worthless; and I have no wish to do what has been done too often in our time, to substitute personal taste or bias for canons of criticism that have stood the test of time, and wherein on the relative position of poets, great, less great, and comparatively inferior, has reposed. The inductive method was employed long before it was explicitly proclaimed as distinct from and more trustworthy than the merely deductive; and it is such method that will, if indirectly, be employed in this paper. Finally, I shall carefully abstain from the rhetorical enthusiasm or invective that clouds the judgment of writers and readers alike, and invariably degenerates into personal dogmatism, together with intolerance of those who think otherwise. After indicating to the best of my ability, the laws of thought and the canons of criticism on which should repose the estimate of the poetic hierarchy, I will then ask the reader to observe if the conclusions leave the recognized Masters of Song—Homer, Æschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Virgil, Lucretius, Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Byron—unassailed and unshaken in their poetic supremacy.

There must perchance be certain qualities common to all poetry, whether the greatest, the less great, or the comparatively inferior, and whether descriptive, lyrical, idyllic, reflective, epic, or dramatic; and, so long as there existed any authority or body of generally accepted opinion on the subject, there were at least two such qualities, viz. melodiousness, whether sweet or sonorous, and lucidity or clearness of expression, to

be apprehended, without laborious investigation, by highly cultured and simple readers alike. Melodiousness is a quality so essential to, and so inseparable from, all verse that is poetry, that it often, by its mere presence, endows with the character of poetry verse of a very rudimentary kind, verse that just crosses the border between prosaic and poetic verse, and would otherwise be denied admission to the territory of the Muses. Some of the enthusiasts to whom allusion has been made have, I am assured, declared of certain compositions of our time, "This would be poetry, even if it meant nothing at all"—a dictum calculated, like others enunciated in our days, to harden the plain man in his disdain of poetry altogether. It would not be difficult to quote melodious verse published in our time of which it is no exaggeration to say that the words in it are used rather as musical notes than as words signifying anything. In all likelihood such compositions, and the widespread liking for them, arise partly from the prevailing preference for music over the other arts, and in part from the mental indolence that usually accompanies emotion in all but the highest minds. Nevertheless it cannot be too much insisted on that music, or melodiousness, either sweet or sonorous, is absolutely indispensable to poetry; and where it is absent, poetry is absent, even though thought and wide speculation be conspicuous in it. As Horace put it long ago in his "Art of Poetry,"

Non satis est pulchra esse poemata:  
dulcia sunto.

Almost as essential to poetry, and equally as regards poetry of the loftiest and poetry of the lowliest kind, is lucidity, or clearness of expression. No poet of much account is ever obscure, unless the text happens to be corrupt. When essays and even volumes are issued, since deemed indispensable for

the understanding of a writer labelled as a poet, one may be quite sure that, however deep a thinker, he is not a poet of the first order, and not a poet at all in the passages that require such explanation. When one hears a well-authenticated story to the effect that a great scholar said of an English paraphrase of a well-known Greek poem, that he thought he had succeeded in gathering its meaning with the help of the original, one ought to know what to think of the work. Yet, though much of its author's verse is of that non-lucid character, it is habitually saluted by many critics as great poetry. With all respect, I venture to affirm that in such circumstances the designation must be a misnomer. I remember a poem being read to me, in perfect good faith, by its author, a man of great mental distinction and no little imagination, of which, though I listened with the closest attention, not only did I not understand one word, but I had not the faintest idea, as the colloquial phrase is, what it was about. When it was published, I asked three ardent admirers of the author to explain to me its meaning. They failed entirely to do so. The saying, concerning the orator, *clarescit uerbo*, is even yet more applicable to the poet. He brightens as he burns. Yet, of recent times, verse fuliginous, clouded, and enshrouded in obscurity, has been hailed in many quarters, not only as poetry, but poetry of an exceptionally superior sort.

If it be urged that Dante, and even Shakespeare, do not always yield up their meaning to the reader at once, the allegation must be traversed absolutely. The immediate apprehension of the meaning of the "Vita Nuova" and the "Divina Commedia" presupposes an intimate acquaintance with the various dialects of the Italian language existing in Dante's time, and likewise with the erudition he scatters so profusely, if al-

lusively, throughout his verse. But to the Italian readers of Dante, even superficially acquainted with those dialects, and adequate masters of the theology and the astronomy of Dante's time, those poems present no difficulty. Of Shakespeare, the greatest of all the poets in our language, let it be granted that he is not unoften one of the most careless and even most slovenly; but rarely is he so to the obscuring of his meaning, and never save casually, and in some brief passage. Yet let it not be inferred that I am of opinion that the full meaning of the greatest passages in the greatest poems is to be seized all at once, or by the average reader at all. That is "deeper than ever plummet sounded," though Tennyson's "indolent reviewer" apparently imagines that he at once fathoms the more intellectual poetry of his time. There can be but few readers, and possibly none but poets themselves, or persons who, to quote Tennyson again, "have the great poetic heart," who master the full significance of "Hamlet" or of the tersely told story of Francesca da Rimini. But the whole world at once understood the more obvious tenor of both, and is not puzzled by either. There is a sliding scale of understanding, as there is a sliding scale of inspiration. "We needs must love the highest when we see it"; but "when we see it" is an important qualification in the statement.

I do not know that there are any qualities save melodiousness, sweet or sonorous, and lucidity, that are absolutely essential to whatever is to be regarded as poetry. In order to preclude misapprehension, let it be added that, while both are essential to poetry, they will not, by themselves, go far towards endowing verse with the poetic character. As an example of this, let me cite verse which is not unmelodious, though not specially remarkable for melodiousness, and not obscure, yet is

not poetry, and hardly on the border of it:

I have a boy of five years old;  
His face is fair and fresh to see;  
His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
And dearly he loves me.

One morn we strolled on our dry walk,  
Our quiet home all full in view,  
And held such intermittent talk  
As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran;  
I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
Our pleasant home when spring began,  
A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
Some fond regrets to entertain;  
With so much happiness to spare,  
I could not feel a pain.

This blameless, correct, harmonious, and thoroughly lucid verse is by a poet who has written poetry of the noblest quality, no less a poet than Wordsworth. Yet he sorely tries his readers by page after page no more poetical than the foregoing; and he offered, on the first appearance of every volume of his, ample matter for such critics as would rather be sweepingly censorious than discriminating, to depreciate and even to ridicule him. His reverent admirers, who comprise all true lovers of poetry, are acquainted with, and probably possess, a copy of Matthew Arnold's Selection, entitled "Poems of Wordsworth"—a small volume which that gifted Wordsworthian, who knew and acknowledged with his usual sense of humor how many unpoetical "sermons," as he called them, Wordsworth had written, deliberately considered to contain all the real poetry he has left us. If I may refer for a moment to my own copy of it, this is scored with brief observations in pencil, the upshot of which is that the small fraction of his work, which Matthew Arnold too liberally wished to be regarded as *digna Phœbi*, would have again to be materially reduced by a dispassionate criticism.

The most generous critic, if he is to be discriminating and just, cannot, let me say again, allow that any verse which is profoundly obscure or utterly unmusical, no matter how intellectual in substance, deserves the appellation of poetry. But on a very thin thread of meaning poetry, or a very fair imitation of it, may be hung by the aid of musical sound. Without going so far as Arnold again, who once wrote to me that Shelley's "My soul is an enchanted boat" seemed to him "mere musical verbiage," that poem might serve as an instance of verse which, in spite of tenuity of meaning, becomes poetry by sheer magic of exquisite music.

My soul is an enchanted boat,  
Which, like a sleeping swan, doth  
float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet  
singing;  
And thine doth like an angel sit  
Beside a helm conducting it,  
Whilst all the winds with melody are  
ringing  
It seems to float ever, for ever,  
Upon that many-winding river,  
Between mountains, woods, abysses,  
A paradise of wildernesses!  
Till, like one in slumber bound,  
Borne to the ocean, I float down,  
around,  
Into a sea profound of ever-spreading  
sound.

There is a magic of sound in the verse so enchanting to a reader that he may be pardoned for failing to observe at once that it is mainly musical fancy. Many may remember a line of Tennyson,

Like a tale of little meaning, though  
the words are strong.

And are we not compelled to feel, on second thoughts, if we have any capacity for discrimination, that here we have poetry of little meaning, though the verse is exquisitely melodious? This is, I conclude, what Arnold meant

when he designated it, with a little exaggeration, "musical verbiage."

I have been obliged to linger somewhat on the threshold of my subject in order to emphasize the essential importance and inseparable quality of metrical melodiousness and lucidity in poetry, in order that, in whatever follows in this paper, these indispensable conditions may not be lost sight of; and also because of late each of them has been ousted from consideration by those who have striven, and still strive, to induce literary opinion to accept not only as poetry, but as great poetry, what is conspicuously lacking in both. That I shall have the assent, however, of the weight of authority on this point, and likewise that of the ordinary unaffected lover of poetry, I can scarcely doubt; the more so, as the conclusions thus far reached leave undisturbed upon their seats those mighty ones, of all tongues and all nations, whose universally recognized greatness has received the seal and sanction of many generations.

What may be called the first principles of poetry having thus been propounded, without any necessity for reaffirming them in the investigation of other conclusions yet to be reached, I may move on to what I imagine will be less familiar and perhaps more original in the search for "The Essentials of Great Poetry." If we carefully observe the gradual development of mental power in human beings, irrespectively of any reference to poetry, but as applied to general objects of human interest, we shall find that the advance from elementary to supreme expansion of mental power is in the following order of succession, each preceding element in mental development being retained on the appearance of its successor—(1) Perception, vague at first, as in the newly born, gradually becoming more definite, along with desires of an analogous kind; (2) Sentiment, also

vague at first, but by degrees becoming more definite, until it attaches itself to one or more objects exclusively; (3) Thought or Reflection, somewhat hazy in its inception, and often remaining in that condition to the last; (4) Action, which is attended and assisted by the three preceding qualities of Perception, Sentiment, and Thought or Reflection. In other words, human beings perceive before they feel, perceive and feel before they think, perceive, feel, and think before they act, or at least before they act reasonably, though it may be but imperfectly and though the later or higher stages may in many cases scarcely be reached at all.

Now let us see if, in poetry, the same order or succession in development and expansion does not exist. Never forgetting the essential qualities of melody and lucidity, do we not find that mere descriptive verse, which depends on perception or observation, is the humblest and most elementary form of poetry; that descriptive verse, when suffused with sentiment, gains in value and charm; that if, to the foregoing, thought or reflection be superadded, there is a conspicuous rise in dignity, majesty, and relative excellence; and finally, that the employment of these in narrative action, whether epic or dramatic, carries us on to a stage of supreme excellence which can rarely be predicated of any poetry in which action is absent? If this be so, we have to the successive development of observation, feeling, thought, and action, an exact analogy or counterpart in (1) Descriptive Poetry; (2) Lyrical Poetry; (3) Reflective Poetry; (4) Epic or Dramatic Poetry; in each of which melody and lucidity being always present, there is an advance in poetic value over the preceding stage, without the preceding one being eliminated from its progress.

Once again let us have recourse to illustration, which, when fairly chosen,

is probably the most effective method for securing assent. Wordsworth presents us with an ample supply of illustrations in three out of the four different kinds of poetry; and therefore to him let us have recourse. In reading the first stanza of "The Pet Lamb" and two or three stanzas that follow, we have descriptive verse which may be regarded as very elementary poetry, but to which it would seem to many to be hypercritical to refuse that designation. It is too well known to need citation. The opening lines of "The Leech-Gatherer" display the same elementary descriptive character.

There was a roaring in the wind all night;  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;  
The birds are singing in the distant woods;  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.  
All things that love the Sun are out of doors;  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;  
The grass is bright with rain-drops; on the moors  
The Hare is running races in her mirth;  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.  
I was a traveller then upon the moor;  
I saw the Hare that raced about with joy;  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy:  
The pleasant season did my heart employ;  
My old remembrances went from me wholly,  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

I perceive that, in my copy of the volume of Selections made by Matthew Arnold from the poems of Wordsworth, already alluded to, I have written at the end of "Margaret," "If this be poetry, surely many people may say they have written poetry all their lives without knowing it." But as Matthew Arnold's critical opinions will carry more weight than mine, and he has included "Margaret" in his Selection, let me quote a dozen lines or so from its opening passage:

'Twas Summer, and the Sun had mounted high:  
Southward the landscape indistinctly glared  
Through a pale steam; but all the northern downs,  
In clearest air ascending, showed far off  
A surface dappled o'er with shadows flung  
From brooding clouds; shadows that lay in spots  
Determined and unmoved, with steady beams  
Of bright and pleasant sunshine interposed;  
Pleasant to him who on the soft cool moss  
Extends his careless limbs along the front  
Of some huge cave, whose rocky ceiling casts  
A twilight of its own, an ample shade,  
Where the Wren warbles.

But there is, it must not be overlooked, merely Descriptive Poetry of a much higher kind than the foregoing, though Wordsworth may not be the best source from which to draw it. Perhaps its highest possibilities are to be found in Byron, and conspicuously in the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold." Many of the passages of the kind that one remembers there are, however, either too much suffused with the poet's personal feeling, or too closely connected with great incidents in history and the fall of empires, to be quite pertinent examples. A minor but suffi-

cient example taken from "Childe Harold" may suffice for illustration:

It is the hush of night, and all between  
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk,  
yet clear,  
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,  
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights  
appear  
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,  
There breathes a living fragrance from  
the shore,  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on  
the ear  
Drops the light drip of the suspended  
oar,  
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more.

Far finer instances of poetry essentially descriptive in the same poem may be referred to e.g. Canto IV, stanza xcix, beginning "There is a stern round tower of other days"; stanza cvii, beginning with "Cypress and ivy, weed and wall-flower grown"; stanza clxxiii, descriptive of Lake Nemi; and even—for it also is strictly descriptive—stanza cxl, opening with the well-known line "I see before me the gladiator lie."

It could not be allowed that any of these, considered separately, satisfies the conditions or essentials of great poetry, though, in company with others, they contribute to that character in a very great poem indeed. Moreover, they serve to show that even mere Descriptive Poetry, which I have spoken of as the "lowest" or most elementary kind of poetry, may rise to striking elevation of merit, and has its counterpart in the sliding scale of observation in various individuals.

Let us now take a step, and a long one, in the scale of importance attained by the various kinds of poetry, and consider the classics of Lyrical Poetry. Here extensive quotation will be less necessary, partly by reason of the wide ground Lyrical Poetry covers, and partly because of its relative popularity in our time, and the familiarity of so

many readers with its most enchanting specimens. There is ample room for personal taste and individual idiosyncrasy within the vast boundaries of this fruitful field. Many persons are sadly wanting in observation; and to only a minority can real, serious thought be ascribed. But we all feel, we all have visitations of sentiment; and therefore to all of us is Lyrical Poetry more or less welcome.

The causes, personal and social, that have given to Lyrical Poetry in our time almost exclusive favor in public taste will be dealt with presently. It will distract less from our main purpose to confine ourselves for the present to the recognition of the fact, and to seek to show how very various are the degrees of eminence in Lyrical Poetry. The lyrical note is so natural to poets and poetry that we may expect to find it in the verse of all poets, though in a minor degree in didactic verse; while in some poets it almost monopolizes their utterance. Though perhaps not obvious to many ears to-day, it lurks in no little of Pope's "Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard," and is unmistakably present in his "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day." If I am asked if the lyrical note is to be found in Chaucer, the reply must be that, though Chaucer has left nothing which the modern reader would recognize as lyrical, what is called his iambic or five-foot metre is far more anaesthetic and lyrical than is the case with any subsequent poet, except Shakespeare. There is a lilt in it equivalent to the lyrical note, which those who read as Chaucer wrote recognize at once. One has only to read the opening lines of the Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" to perceive this. Not quite to the same extent perhaps as in Chaucer, but withal very noticeably to the ear, the lyrical note is frequently to be caught in Spenser, even where he is not obviously offering the reader Lyrical Poetry; as, for instance, in this

stanza in the first canto of "The Faerie Queene," beginning:

A little lowly hermitage it was,  
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side.

This is not Lyrical Poetry proper, as now understood. But Spenser has left us in his "Epithalamion" a lyrical poem with which only one other English lyric can be placed in competition for the first place. It is too long for more than one brief excerpt to be cited here:

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is  
time;  
The rosie Morne long since left Tithones  
bed,  
All ready to her silver coche to clyme;  
And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious  
hed.  
Hark! how the chearefull birds do  
chaunt theyr laies  
And carroll of loves praise.  
The merry Larke hir mattins sings  
aloft;  
The Thrush replyes; the Mavis descant  
playes;  
The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles  
soft;  
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,  
To this dayes meriment.  
Ah! my dere love, why doe ye sleepe  
thus long,  
When meeter were that ye should now  
awake,  
T' awaite the comming of your joyous  
make,  
And hearken to the birds love-learned  
song,  
The deawy leaves among?  
For they of joy and pleasance to you  
sing  
That all the woods them answer, and  
theyr echo ring.

One is sorry to think that this long, lovely, and varied lyric is less known than it ought to be to the modern readers of Lyrical Poetry. I can only say to them, "Make haste to read it."

In Shakespeare's plays the lyrical note is so often to be heard in the blank verse that the poet's natural aptitude and inclination for singing were am-

ply exercised there; and he gives most voice to it in such plays as "As You Like It" and "Romeo and Juliet." But it recurs again and again throughout his dramas. Such lines as

All over-canopied with lush woodbine,  
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon  
this bank,

Under the shade of melancholy boughs,

are illustrations of what I am pointing out.

Without dwelling on the excellent lyrics written in the reigns of Charles I and Charles II, and confining ourselves to the *di majores* of poetry, we may pass on to Milton, whose "Allegro" and "Penseroso," as likewise the lyrics in "Comus," are too familiar to every one to be more than mentioned as evidence of the persistence, in the past as in the present, of the warbling impulse in all poets. Heard but fitfully during the greater part of the eighteenth century, yet most arrestingly in Gray, Collins, and Burns, Lyrical Poetry, from the last onward, without intermission, to our own time, in Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Keats, Shelley, and Tennyson, is almost the only poetry that has in recent days been much listened to, or much written and talked about. This circumstance is far from being conclusive as to whether, during the same period, poems higher and greater than mere Lyrical Poetry have or have not been produced. But it is absolutely certain that, if produced, they have been, so far, more or less ignored; and that, if the same poets have written such and Lyrical Poetry as well, they will have been considered and estimated by the latter only.

But the domain of feeling and emotion in which Lyrical Poetry has room to display its power and versatility is so extensive that lyrics are very various in their themes and in the treatment of them. Love, religion, patriot-

ism, cosmopolitan benevolence, being, as I have shown in "The Human Tragedy," the most elevated and most permanent sources of human sentiment and emotion, there will necessarily be in Lyrical Poetry, even considered by itself, and apart from all the other forms of Poetry, a scale of relative elevation and importance.

The love of individuals for each other, whether domestic, romantic, or sexual, is much more common than any of the other three, being practically universal; and it has given birth to so many well-known lyrics that it is unnecessary to cite any of them here. Some of them are very beautiful; but none of them, by reason of the comparative narrowness of their theme, satisfies the essentials of great poetry. Not even Tennyson's "Maud," which is perhaps the most ambitious and the best known of long poems dedicated mainly to the subject, though it contains lovely passages, approaches greatness.

Though what is understood as religious sentiment comes next to the love of individuals for each other in the extent of its influence, it has produced much verse, but, it must be allowed, little poetry, the reason probably being that the religious sentiment of the few who are endowed with the gift of writing poetry differs from that of the average "religious" person. Nor can the fact be overlooked that there is a certain character of reserve in Protestantism which has operated since the Reformation against the growth of religious Lyrical Poetry. For that we must go either to pre-Reformation days, or to the poetry of those who, like George Herbert and the poetic kin of his time, clung to the Roman Catholic creed after the modification of belief and ritual in the Anglican Church; or to the poets in our own time trained in the Roman Catholic faith, and to that extent, and on that ground, debarred from wide popularity among a Protestant people.

The De Veres, Faber, Coventry Patmore and Newman, the last notably in his "Dream of Gerontius," may be named as instances of what has been done in recent times in the sphere of religious poetry. Scott's lovely "Ave Maria" in "The Lady of the Lake," and Byron's stanza beginning,

Ave Maria! 'tis the hour of prayer,

are briefer specimens of what may be, and has been contributed in later times to religious poetry; much smaller in bulk and volume than poetry dedicated to the love of individuals for each other, but higher in the rising scale of greatness, because of the greater dignity of its theme.

Patriotic Lyrical Poetry need not detain us long. Most patriotic verse, however spirited, is verse only, nothing or little more, though exceptions could be cited, such as Drayton's "Agin-court," Tennyson's "Relief of Lucknow," and "The Ballad of the Revenge." But if in patriotic Lyrical Poetry we include, as I think we should, poetry in the English tongue, but not concerning England or the British Empire, I may name Byron's "Isles of Greece" in "Don Juan," which I had in my mind when I observed that there is in our language only one lyrical poem that can compete for the first place in Lyrical Poetry with Spenser's "Epithalamion."

3. Reflective Poetry. Over Reflective Poetry, in itself a stage of advance beyond Descriptive Poetry and Lyrical Poetry in themselves, we need not linger long, for the reason that, though Reflective Poetry is ample in quantity, it is, outside the Drama, very limited in quality, most of it being of so prosaic a character as not only not to be ranked above average Lyrical Poetry, but far below it. Wordsworth furnishes us, for the purpose of illustration, with both kinds, the higher and the lower Reflective Poetry. As re-

gards the latter, I would rather let Matthew Arnold, than whom there is no warmer admirer of Wordsworth, be the spokesman:

The "Excursion" abounds with Philosophy [I prefer to call it Thought or Reflection]; and therefore the "Excursion" is to the Wordsworthian what it never can be to the disinterested lover of poetry, a satisfactory work. "Duty exists," says Wordsworth in the "Excursion"; and then he proceeds thus:

... Immutably survive,  
For our support, the measures and the  
forms  
Which an abstract Intelligence sup-  
plies,  
Whose kingdom is where time and  
space are not.

And the Wordsworthian is delighted, and thinks that here is a sweet union of philosophy and poetry. But the disinterested lover of poetry will feel that the lines carry us really not a step farther than the proposition which they would interpret; that they are a tissue of elevated but abstract verbiage, alien to the very nature of poetry.

Merely observing that I wholly agree with the foregoing estimate, I pass to the higher Reflective Poetry, of which Wordsworth has given us such splendid but comparatively brief instances. The "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey," "Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle," his best Sonnets, the "Character of the Happy Warrior," the "Ode to Duty," and, finally, the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," seem to me to place Wordsworth above all other English Poets in the domain of exclusively Reflective Poetry. I do not forget much noble Reflective Poetry in "Childe Harold"; but it is too much blent with other elements, and into it the active quality enters too strongly, for its more reflective features to be separated from them. Moreover, it generally falls far short of the intellectual note

so strongly marked in Wordsworth's best Reflective Poetry, into which, be it added, both the descriptive and the lyrical notes, in accordance with the general law I am seeking to expound in this paper, enter very largely, if, of course, subordinately. It will be obvious, however, to any dispassionate lover of poetry, that a merely reflective poem of any great length cannot well be entitled to the designation of a great poem. Had such been possible, Wordsworth would have bequeathed it to us. "The Excursion" is the answer; which, notwithstanding a certain number of fine passages, is, for the most part, what Matthew Arnold says of it, "doctrine such as we hear in church, religious and philosophical doctrine; and the attached Wordsworthian loves passages of such doctrine, and brings them forward as proofs of his poet's excellence."

If the reader has followed me so far, with more or less assent, he will be prepared not only to allow, but of himself to feel, that here must be yet another kind or order of poetry, in which the greatest poems are to be found, poems that are neither exclusively nor mainly either descriptive, lyrical, or reflective, but into which all three elements enter subordinately, though none of them gives it its distinctive and supreme character.

4. Epic and Dramatic Poetry. That supreme kind of poetry is Epic and Dramatic Poetry, though there may be very poor Epics, and Dramas in which true poetry is scarcely to be observed, just as we have seen that there is very inferior Descriptive, Lyrical, and Reflective Poetry. All that is asserted is that great epic and dramatic poems must be greater than the greatest poetry of the preceding kinds by reason of their wider range and (as a rule) the higher majesty of their theme, and of their including every other kind of poetry.

It will perhaps have been noticed that Epic and Dramatic Poetry are here placed in conjunction, not separately; and their being thus conjoined needs a word of explanation. Though there is a radical distinction between the two, this provisional union of them has been adopted in order to afford an opportunity of pointing out what I think is generally ignored—that poems which are essentially epic, or merely narrative, may be written in dialogue or dramatic form, and so mislead incautious readers into inferring that they are offered as dramas, in the acting sense of the term. It is because, while remaining substantially epic or narrative in character they may contain, here and there, dramatic situations, dramatic rhetoric, and dramatic converse. The "Iliad" is a conspicuous example of this; the movement in the earlier portion of it being full of debate and defiance among its characters, and these dramatic elements recurring, if less frequently, throughout the entire work. To many persons the episodes in the narrative of the "Divina Commedia" that give rise to converse, whether tender, terrible, or pathetic, are the most delightful portions of it. What is it that makes the first six books of "Paradise Lost" so much more telling than the later ones? Surely it is the magnificence of the speeches emanating from the mouths of the chief characters. "Childe Harold" is ostensibly only descriptive, reflective, and narrative; but the personality and supposed wrongs of Byron himself, so frequently introduced, confer on it, beyond these characters, certain features of the drama and of dramatic action. Moreover, the magnificent ruins bequeathed to the seven-hilled city by the fall of the Roman Empire enter so largely into the fourth canto that this includes in it every species of verse, from the descriptive to the dramatic. To cite a much smaller example, I once

said to Tennyson, "Do you not think that, had one met in a tragedy with the couplet from Pope, (Ep. to the Sat. ii, 205),

*F. You're strangely proud . . .*

*P. Yes, I am proud: I must be proud to see*

*Men not afraid of God, afraid of me,*

one would be right in regarding it as very fine, dramatically?" and he replied, "Yes, certainly." I recall the circumstance because it is an extreme illustration of the momentary intrusion of one style into another.

By slow but successive stages we have reached conclusions that may be thus briefly stated. (1) The essentials of great poetry are not to be found in poetry exclusively descriptive. (2) They are rarely to be met with in poetry that is lyrical, and then only when reflection of a high order, as in Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality," or what is equivalent to action operating on a great theme, as in Byron's "Isles of Greece," largely and conspicuously enters into these. (3) That they are to be met with in Reflective Poetry of the very highest character, but never throughout an exclusively reflective poem of any length. (4) That they are chiefly to be sought for and most frequently found in either epic or dramatic poetry where description, emotion, thought, and action all cooperate to produce the result; that result being, to adduce supreme examples, the "Iliad," "Paradise Lost," the "Divina Commedia" the third and fourth cantos of "Childe Harold," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Macbeth."

Many years ago, in a couple of papers published in the "Contemporary Review" on "New and Old Canons of Poetic Criticism," I propounded as the most satisfactory definition of poetry generally, that it is "the transfiguration, in musical verse, of the Real into

the Ideal"; and I have more than once advocated the definition. The definition applies to poetry of all kinds. But, while this is so, the transfiguration must operate on a great theme greatly treated, either lyrically, reflectively, epicly, or dramatically, in order to produce great poetry.

I fancy I hear some people saying, "Quite so; who ever denied or doubted it?" The answer must be that, for some time past, it has been tacitly, and often explicitly, denied by critics and readers alike; reviewers to-day criticising poetry in utter disregard and contravention of any such canons, and readers in their conversation and practice following suit, apparently without any knowledge or suspicion that such canons exist. Had it been otherwise, an enquiry into the essentials of great poetry would have been unnecessary.

The permanent passions of mankind—love, religion, patriotism, humanitarianism, hate, revenge, ambition; the conflict between free will and fate; the rise and fall of empires—these are all great themes, and, if greatly treated, and in accordance with the essentials applicable to all poetry, may produce poetry of the loftiest kind; the underlying reason being what, as usual, has been better and more convincingly stated by Shakespeare than by any one else:

We [actors on the stage] are not all alone unhappy:  
This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than  
the scene  
Wherein we play.

For the great treatment of great themes in Epic, and yet more in Dramatic Poetry, think of what is required! Not mere fancy, not mere emotion, but a wide and lofty imagination, a full and flexible style, a copious and ready vocabulary, an ear for verbal melody and all its cadences, profound knowledge of men, women, and things

in general, a congenital and cultivated sense of form—the foundation of beauty and majesty alike, in all art; an experience of all the passions, yet the attainment to a certain majestic freedom from servitude to these; the descriptive, lyrical, and reflective capacity; abundance and variety of illustration; a strong apprehension and grasp of the Real, with the impulse and power to transfigure it into the Ideal, so that the Ideal shall seem to the reader to be the Real; in a word, "blood and judgment," as Shakespeare says, "so commingled." These are the qualifications of the writers that have stirred, and still stir, in its worthier portion, the admiration, reverence and gratitude of mankind.

Even this does not exhaust the requisite endowments of those who aspire to write great poetry. Their sympathy with all that is demands from them a fund of practical good sense, too often lacking in merely lyrical poets—a circumstance that may render their work less attractive to the average person, and even make it seem to such to be wanting in genius altogether. Sane they must essentially be; and their native sanity must have been fortified by some share in practical affairs, while their robustness of mind must have received aid from the open air. They will be found to be neither extravagant optimists nor extravagant pessimists, but wise teachers and indulgent moralists; neither teaching nor preaching overmuch in their verse, but unintentionally and almost unconsciously communicating their wisdom to others by radiation. Dante always speaks of Virgil as "Il Saggio." Tennyson puts it well where he says of the poet, "He saw through good, through ill; He saw through his own soul." Architecture, sculpture, music, the kindred of his own art, must be appreciated by him; and nothing that affects mankind is alien to him.

I should like to say, incidentally, and I hope I may do so without giving offence, that I have sometimes thought that, in an age much given to theorizing and to considering itself more "scientific" than perhaps it really is, the diminution of practical wisdom, somewhat conspicuous of late in politics and legislation, is due in no small measure to the neglect of the higher poetry, in favor, where concern for poetry survives at all, of brief snatches of lyrical emotion. Hence legislation by emotion and haste.

If we ask ourselves, as it is but natural to do, what are the chief causes that have brought about this change in public taste and sentiment, I believe they will be found to be mainly as follow. (1) The decay of authority already mentioned. (2) The perpetual reading of novels of every kind, many of them of a pernicious nature, but nearly all of them calculated to indispose readers to care for any poetry save of an emotional lyrical character. (3) The increase—be it said with all due chivalry—of feminine influence and activity alike in society and literature; women, generally speaking, showing but a moderate interest in great issues in public life, and finding their satisfaction, so far as reading is concerned, in prose romances, newspapers, and short lyrics. (4) The febrile quality of contemporaneous existence; the ephemeral excitements of the passing hour; and the wholesale surrender to the transient as contrasted with the permanent, great poetry concerning itself only with this last—a circumstance that makes the *Odyssey*, for instance, as fresh to-day as though it had been published for the first time last autumn; whereas the life of most prose romances, like the lady's scanty attire, "commence à peine, et finit tout de suite."

I hope no one will imagine—for they would be mistaken in doing so—that

these pages have been prompted by a disposition to deprecate the age in which we are living, and just as little to manifest disdain of it, though one need not conceal the opinion, in respect of the lower literary taste so widely prevalent, that, as Shakespeare says, "it is not and it cannot be for good." My object has been something very different from this. It has been to recall canons of poetry and standards of literary excellence which I believe can never be destroyed though for a time they may be obscured, and which have of late been too much ignored. That such neglect will in the very faintest degree prevent those whose instinct it is to say, with Virgil, "paulo majora canamus," from following their vocation, without a thought of readers or reviewers, I do not suppose. It is good for poets, and indeed for others, not to be too quickly appreciated. It is dangerous for them, and sometimes fatal, to be praised prematurely.

The great stumbling-block of literary criticism, alike for the professional critic and the unprofessional reader is the tacit assumption that the opinions, preferences, and estimates of to-day are not merely passing opinions, preferences, and estimates, but will be permanent ones; opinions, preferences, and estimates for all future time. There is no foundation, save self-complacency, for such a surmise. What solid reason is there to suppose that the present age is any more infallible in its literary judgments than preceding ages? On the contrary, its infallibility is all the less probable because of the precipitation with which its opinions are arrived at. Yet past ages have been proved over and over again, in course of time, to be wrong in their estimate of contemporaneous poetry, in consequence of their mistaking the passing for the permanent. The consequence in our time of this error has been that one has seen the passing away of several works

loudly declared on their appearance to be immortal. The only chance a critic has of being right in his judgments is to measure contemporary literature by standards and canons upon which rests the fame of the great poets and writers of the past, and, tried by which, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, and Byron have been assigned their enduring rank in the poetic hierarchy. "Blessings be with them," says Wordsworth (Sonnet xxv.):

Blessings be with them, and eternal  
praise,  
Who gave us nobler lives and nobler  
cares,  
The Poets who on earth have made us  
heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly  
lays.

It is only the great poets, the poets in whom we can recognize the essentials of greatness, who can do that for us. They are not rebels, as are too many lyrical poets, but reconcilers; and they offer to external things and current ideas both receptivity and resistance, being not merely of an age, but for all time. It is their thoughts and the verse in which their thoughts are embodied that are enduringly memorable. For great poetry, as Wordsworth teaches us in a single line, is not mere emotion, not mere subtle or sensuous singing, but

#### Reason in her most exalted mood.

A still greater authority than Wordsworth, no other than Milton, has immortalized in verse the principles for which I have ventured to contend in prose. In "Paradise Regained" (iv. 255-266) he says:

There thou shalt hear and learn the  
secret power  
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various-measured  
verse.

Æolian charms and Dorian lyrick odes,

And his who gave them breath but  
higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer  
called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his  
own;  
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians  
taught  
In Chorus or Iambick, teachers best  
The Quarterly Review.

Of moral prudence, with delight re-  
ceiv'd,  
In brief sententious precepts, while  
they treat  
Of fate, and chance, and change in hu-  
man life,  
High actions and high passions best de-  
scribing.

*Alfred Austin.*

## GOOD PAPA HAYDN.

*Born, April, 1732. Died, May, 1809.*

The year 1809 witnessed within the space of three months the death of Haydn and the birth of Mendelssohn, the two musical classics most frequently compared for their smooth, uninterrupted accent of gaiety and sweetness. Haydn's individuality, however, was of an infinitely stronger mould than that of Mendelssohn. His gaiety is more buoyant and vigorous: his feeling, albeit simple and guileless, can strike a more human chord than any note of Mendelssohn's transparent sentiment. It was life itself that took Mendelssohn so kindly by the hand and consistently made the very most of him. He was the offspring of several generations of cultured, sophisticated forbears; whilst preceded and surrounded, as he was, by some of the finest products of German genius, he had an abundance of incentive and example superior to his own to spur him on. Haydn, for his part, had to stand alone. He was the one illustrious man produced by Austria during a couple of centuries. He came of very poor, if sturdy, peasant stock. His circumstances were untoward. He had just to do what he could with them. But how delightfully genial was his handling. As we listen to him he seems continually proffering cheery, grateful little nods, and bows to the mere fact of his very existence. Yet behind his quirkish, whimsical light-

ness of touch, he had a wonderfully firm, confident grip of himself and his destiny. In the whole history of music there has never been a keener, healthier vitality. He was born and he died in the youth and springtide of the year. Spring winds, though, can often blow harsh and sharp. Haydn stood erect to the end, and imbibed never a breath of their stormy tumult. He had already turned 65 when he composed his "Creation." But the moral and epitome of his utterance could still be: "And God saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good." Haydn's character and his relationship to life imbued him with a patient, persistent, almost dogged optimism; and as we trace each small detail of his comparatively uneventful career, this optimism, in the long run, really justified itself, slowly and gradually. Thus for nearly half a century he quietly endured the querulous importunities and plaints of a stupid shrew of a wife, making the best of her, and even absorbing any useful ideas that she might happen to disseminate. On one occasion she urged him to purchase a certain house that she envied for an asylum in her old age, when, as she suggested, she should be a widow. Haydn acquiesced amicably; but indulged in the consoling reflection that perhaps she might die first, in which case he himself

would enjoy the house in peace, and this was exactly what happened eventually. From his very early childhood Haydn was practically self-supporting; and until he was close upon 30, and established in his famous service to the princely house of Esterhazy, he lived from hand to mouth. The accounts of his boyhood remind one of some sprightly, perky sparrow, pecking up a subsistence and chirping merrily the while: "God Almighty," he tells us, "to whom I render thanks for all his unnumbered mercies, gave me such facility in music that by the time I was six I stood up like a man and sang masses in the church choir." He was quick and ready to develop his musical intuitiveness by any and every expedient that presented itself, such as his apprenticeship in the capacity of accompanist, barber and boot-cleaner (to mention no other functions), to the Italian singing master, Porpora. It has often been alleged that he was of an inferior and subservient, if not actually cringing, disposition, since he could submit to conditions of patronage which would have been intolerable to either Mozart or Beethoven. But it was surely not an inferiority, but rather a radical difference in Haydn's nature and temperament, that separated him so widely from these two. He had the faculty inherent in the true peasant of being able to root himself firmly to one spot. Buried for 30 years in a remote corner of Europe, he never went beyond a radius of as much as 10 miles. Nevertheless, echoes of his music were constantly penetrating as far as Russia, Spain, France, and England—throughout Europe, in fact. It was the peculiarly urbane quality of his genius, mingled with its tenacity, that could bring this about. Every performer working under him grew to love him. To them he owed his soubriquet, "good Papa" Haydn. And when these itinerant members of his

staff moved on and wandered forth they took with them and scattered abroad gracious memories of their master. If at times Haydn experienced irrepressible regrets that his days were flitting by in a monotonous round, and that year after year he was debarred from the stimulus of personal intercourse and contact with his artistic equals, he could also philosophize freely. "My prince," he assures us, "was invariably just and considerate. I was relieved from all material anxieties, and I had not only the advantage of a constant hearing, but I had at my disposal a first-rate orchestra entirely under my own control. I was able to make unlimited experiments and to try all kinds of new effects." A solitary tramp through woods and fields, with gun or fishing rod for his sole companion, would always dissipate his little fits of depression. When Maria Theresa was the guest of honor at Esterhazy, it was he who had the dual privilege of composing symphonies for her musical delectation and shooting partridges for her imperial dinner. Both proofs of his prowess afforded him naive pleasure. As to his private domestic worries and disagreements, once in a way, now and then, some female artist, attached to the princely capella, was prepared to provide practical, albeit moderate and businesslike consolation, and so on *da capo*.

The position that Haydn clung to and held so peaceably during his life at Esterhazy, and the work that he accomplished there, have enrolled him as the happiest example on record of the immensely salutary influences of the intelligent endowment of the most difficult and expensive art to maintain in any lasting degree of efficiency and perfection. If we could adapt and expand the 18th century "Esterhazy-Haydn" connection to the far more costly and complex conditions of music in modern England, then we might

expect to find an excellent body of players of the type of the "London" or the "New" symphony orchestra—with a good chorus and a theatre attached—liberally subsidized and under the personal supervision of a select committee, composed, say, of the King, the Prince of Wales, the Dukes of Devonshire and Westminster, Lord Rothschild and Sir E. A. Sassoon, amongst others. The association would be placed at the disposal of some contemporary British Haydn; and the contemporary British Haydn who should refuse the opportunity vouchsafed him—in the dread of being subservient or cringing—would be wholly unworthy of his title, or, rather, it would be an absolute misnomer.

Haydn's nationality has been disputed and discussed. He is claimed as German and as Slav. The forms of both chamber and symphonic music have been generally conceded to be a German national heritage. Haydn must always be remembered in the evolution of music as the originator and father of these forms. He gathered together and summarized, crystallized and focussed, in his own lifetime and in his own work, all the floating tendencies and influences of 18th century instrumental music. His designs, we know, have been amplified, enriched, reinforced in color and significance, but the fundamental structure remains as he left it. He borrowed the science and symmetry of this structure from the sonatas of a member of the Bach family, Carl Phillip Emanuel, who was German, that is Teutonic, as much by environment as by birth; and music has generally been affected more momentously by environment and climate than by the actual birth and descent of a composer. When we think of Weimar, Frankfort, Hamburg, or Berlin, where C. P. E. Bach passed his days, these cities suggest a totally different psychology of

habit and mood to the temperament be-gotten, to a large extent, of the exhilarating climate of Austria; a temperament which the rest of Europe has agreed to style Viennese. A vein of the Viennese quality could very distinctly lighten the Teutonism of Beethoven, Schumann and Brahms. It bore fruit with Schubert. Or, when we have its froth without its substance, it gives us the effervescent sparkle of the dance and operetta composers, the Straussses, or Suppé and Lehar. The church and the organ loft were the most important musical factors in the lives of the Bach family and earlier German composers. It was in park and beer garden and *gasse*, on the other hand, that Haydn found his most fertile sources of youthful inspiration. Neither he nor Mozart disdained the "Cassation," the form of serenade beloved of the Viennese populace. The word itself points to the origin of this music, since it is a corruption of a now obsolete verb *gassen*, i.e., to make music in the *gassen*, or side street. We have equivalents in our phraseology of bygone types of British street music—"carolling" and "wassailing," for example. The "Cassation" was in several movements. Haydn easily grafted its light, jovial spirit upon the solid framework of the sonata. As to the national flavor of his actual melodies one need have but a slight acquaintance with Slavonic folk-songs to identify one mainspring of his craft. Haydn was a subject of a sovereign who ruled not only Austria proper and various minor German States, his territory included Hungary, Bohemia, Croatia, Slavonia, Galicia, Styria, Carinthia, Carniola. It stretched north and east to the confines of Russia and Poland. The Slavic element of the population largely preponderated, numbering about 13 million, against 5 millions of Germans.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> C. A. Fyffe. "History of Modern Europe."

The people who inhabit this vast district are the most innately and spontaneously musical in Europe. The dozens of variants of South Slav songs and dances all have much in common, from the *Kolyada* of the Little Russian to the *Kolo* of the Croat. Haydn is believed to have been of Croat descent.<sup>2</sup> In any case he would not have been the sensitive impressionable musician that he was had he not drunk in and assimilated the local musical influences saturating his native soil. His music, if we analyze it carefully, is found to be brimming over with the same exuberant type of tune employed by the Bohemians, Sméťana or Dvorák, or by so many Russian composers. In his rhythms, too, Haydn undoubtedly preserved the capricious oddities of metre, the sinuous irregularities of the Slav melodies. But he has nothing of the exotic, oriental color, the unfettered, unsystematized tonal modulations belonging to the essential Slav music. He had willingly, and once and for always, adopted the tempered scale of Bach; and with it the dominant tonic sequences, and the precise plan and scheme of modulations set forth and enounced by a Western school. In this respect, Haydn's technique is that of Bach, Beethoven and the other great Germans, and imparts to his music a very distinct savor from the vibrating note of intense, yet languid melancholy underlying the spasmodic outbursts of merriment of the typically Slavonic character. It is not without interest, however, to trace certain marked similarities in the natures of Haydn and the 19th century Bohemian, Dvorák. Their antecedents were much alike. They grew up immured in national idiosyncrasies and provincialisms; and as they matured, their aim was not so much to throw off these youthful rem-

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Hadow, of Oxford, has written an interesting little book, "Haydn a Croatian Composer," based upon a pamphlet by Kuhac, a noted collector of South Slav national melodies.

iniscences as to incorporate them in their studies of the chief masters of their art. Scholarship could abash neither one nor the other. Both were impelled by a quiet and unsensational but irresistible inner force; and the same mental atmosphere of unintrospective candor permeates their style.

A third asset, in addition to his Slav and Teutonic elements, was Haydn's cordial affection for 17th century Italian vocal music. The vocal parts of "The Creation," or "The Seasons," could only have been composed by a musician who had studied this school intimately. We may, perhaps, justly agree that where the Germanic national consciousness and feeling for order and unity (the two special traits which divide the German genius from the careless inchoate mind of the Slav) clearly controlled Haydn, was in his method of weaving the various characteristics of Slavonic song and Italian aria into one homogeneous fabric. And herein it may well be, as much as in his individual character, lies his fine universality of appeal.

Haydn's foremost place as a classic may be unquestioned. Yet no musician ever depended less upon scholarly traditions, or lived more closely in sympathy with ordinary actualities and realities, as he perceived and felt them. Out of these actualities and realities he wove what may be called a prosaic, but a genuine tissue of romance. He had an abiding affection for his little nook of earth as he knew it. It never occurred to him for a moment to brood with reverence or awe upon the scheme of an infinite universe and a divine Creator. When taken to task for the friendly and familiar strains of his church music, he remarked, deprecatingly, that he craved leave to approach his Deity and be religious after his own heart, without the solemnity and fuss of ceremony and etiquette. In his manner of writing, whether for instru-

ments or for voices, he could conjure up within certain limits and with matchless skill a changeful series of strikingly graphic pictures and scenes. He never leaves us with an impression of insensate musical abstractions. Herein he is distinctly superior to Mendelssohn; and on occasions even to Wagner. He has no preamble. In string quartet and in symphony alike he gives but the slightest signal, and at once an assembly of sufficiently well characterized personages start chatting and babbling, and right pleasant and lively are their dialogues and conversations. In its own sphere Haydn's imagination was quick and nervous. He would well have understood Ibsen's "Master Builder," up to the point, that is, of "building homes for human beings;" but the shadowy happiness of "castles in the air" was not at all in Papa Haydn's line; he had no range of vision for a supernatural, fairy world. His *dramatis personae*, the angels and archangels of "The Creation," or Farmer Simon, Jane and Lucas, and the company of country people and hunters of "The Seasons," can be merged together indiscriminately without prejudice to their feelings. They are every one of them essentially human, sensible, homely, kindly creatures of flesh and blood; unconcerned and contented; a trifle unemotional, it may be, but possessed of a shrewd wit. Some of them might easily figure in a canvas by Teniers; or they might have walked straight out of the pages of Goldsmith or of Jane Austen. Except that Haydn's people are all as exceptionally good-hearted as himself, he cannot be said to have idealized any one of them. He had known and tested each one in his own personal experience, from peasant to prince. In his plain, unsophisticated love of nature again, and his direct power of realization, he had much in common with the delightful 17th century land-

scape painting of the Dutchmen—Cuyp, or Both, or Hobbema. Beethoven's Pastoral symphony is a noteworthy example of Haydn's powerful influence upon an immediate successor. His rivals in conveying a sensation of open-air movement and freedom in music, and a fresh spirit of wood, and field, and mountains are not many. There are possibly only four: Schubert, Grieg, the American MacDowell, and the Frenchman Debussy. None of these, however, have peopled their landscape with Haydn's comfortably tangible farmers and angels.

When towards the end of his days a would-be biographer approached Haydn for authentic information, he replied, "I'll help you all I can, but my life is not likely to interest other people." Nor was he anxious as to the future of his music. Like Bach, when once it was composed, he troubled himself very little as to what happened to it. Thus, quantities of his manuscripts have never seen print, and are believed to be lying unregistered upon the shelves of public and private libraries throughout Europe. It has been calculated that if his whole output could be collected, it would fill some 80 volumes. His oratorio "The Return of Tobias," to be given at Newcastle at a first performance in England this autumn, has only been published and available in all its parts for soli, chorus and orchestra, since February of this year of grace, 1909. Judged from the traditional standards of oratorio, "The Return of Tobias" is by no means devout in its tone; but neither is the legend upon which it is built. Haydn could hardly have found another subject so nicely akin to his special capacity. The title rôle of Tobias will certainly repay an intelligent tenor for its study; and the musical characterization of the couple, Anna and Tobit, is an ingenuous as anything that Haydn ever wrote. His

angel, Raphael, is merely an unfinished prototype of the Raphael of "The Creation;" but the choral work certainly contains some of the best writing that we know from Haydn's pen. In the humor and naive realism of the score, as a whole, one can only recall as its pendant the delicious "L'Enfance du Christ" of Berlioz; and the student who has perused it may well be curious to investigate a few of Haydn's operas and musical puppet shows. The original Italian libretto of "Tobias" was feeble and ostentatious, entirely out of keeping with the character of the simple apocryphal story. The German version of the new edition is a considerable improvement. It is to be hoped that the English text will be as adequate.

For a man who had spent nearly 60 years located within a narrow space of a few square miles, the journeys to London finally undertaken by Haydn must have assumed fairly gigantic proportions. He retained his customary equanimity. His reputation had gone before him. The press greeted his arrival with odes and sonnets. He was at once the rage of society, and was so besieged with invitations to dinner that he soon found it advisable to make a fixed rule only to accept the hospitality of the "titled gentry."<sup>1</sup>

In comparison with the size of London, then and now, there seems to have been even more music-making going on than at present. Besides the Italian opera, there were two permanent establishments of so-called English opera. There were no less than nine prominently active concert associations. There were open-air concerts, frequented by the *beau monde*, at Rane-

<sup>1</sup> These details are most of them taken from a volume published in German at Vienna in the sixties of last century and now out of print. Pohl, its author, collected his information from Haydn's diaries and correspondence; and also passed three years in England looking up the memoirs, newspapers, etc., of the period. The book affords an entertaining sketch of English social life. Read in the present day it occasionally reminds us that our musical history repeats itself.

lagh and Vauxhall, and there were the weekly popular concerts for the masses, known as the "Sixpennies" and "Threepennies in the Haymarket." "We are threatened," remarked *The Morning Chronicle*, "with a regular deluge of music. This is a conspicuously musical age. The aim of John Bull, formerly devoted only to material ends, seems now at last to have turned to music. At least, we are affording the world testimony of our enthusiasm. It is to be hoped that we may further exhibit proofs of our genuine knowledge and taste."

The elegant gatherings described as the "Nobility" concerts were reserved exclusively for Sunday, and held chiefly in the mansions of duchesses. Such functions were announced as being under the direct patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury. One fashionable journal stated that: "The gay world is enraptured every Sunday with the arrangements for its musical edification." A rival publication retorted: "The Sunday concerts are among the breaches of public decency which ought to be rigorously prohibited."

No concert programme with any pretensions to merit was deemed complete without a work by Haydn. But much of the music known here as his work he discovered to be so garbled and travestied that it was scarcely recognizable. He expressed his views upon this matter with candid urbanity to the slightly chagrined amateurs, who presented him with snuff-boxes, silk stockings, or diamond shoe-buckles galore. Having secured brilliant terms for what are known as his "London" symphonies from the agent Salomon, he might have pocketed his fees without more ado and left the management to its own devices. But when one of these works was advertised, and Haydn was requested to pull the performance through without a rehearsal, he promptly demurred and carried his

point: "How could he," he asked, "dare to show his public such venial disrespect?" He was somewhat perplexed at the necessity of constant advertisement in order to secure a hearing, and could be much astonished at the fluctuating financial results of our musical ventures. "On one occasion," he writes to a friend, "the performance was merely so-so, but the concert-room was crammed with persons who seemed ravished. I cleared 4,000 guineas. Yet at the Salomon concerts, which have been much more interesting, with better programmes, better rehearsed and studied, the manager contrived to lose at least £100 per night on a series of 12 concerts. It's surely only in England that things happen in this wise."

Those who have endeavored to penetrate the mysteries of modern concert and opera producing in London will, doubtless, echo Haydn's sentiments. At Esterhazy his leading critics had been himself and his prince. In London, when *The Times* or *The Morning Post*, or whatever journal it chanced to be, dwelt upon the "phrensy and fire" of Mr. Haydn's rendering, or declared that his "larmoyant and tumultuous captivations are felt by all," Haydn inscribed his own confidences in his diary: "It was just passable"; or, "The interpretation was miserably mechanical and unresponsive." The only orchestra here that seems really to have fulfilled his standard was a small private band maintained at Brighton by the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., at a cost of about £7,000 per annum. Before Haydn had concluded his second visit to England a rival agent to his friend Salomon was to the fore, exploiting rival attractions for notoriety.

In the present day a good deal of newspaper eloquence is expended upon pronouncements concerning a remarkable advancement of English taste in

musical matters. During the lapse of a century a thousand and one successive musical crazes have easily stormed London. For the time being we appear to have pretty well forgotten Haydn, or his name is relegated to the spheres of pettifogging didactics governed by "Examining Boards." With a view to a comprehensive celebration of the centenary of his death the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, in 1907, embarked upon a difficult attempt to publish the first complete critical edition of his works, purposing to accomplish for Haydn what has already been carried out for Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven. It may be mentioned that amongst the various subscribers to the scheme, only 20 have been secured in this country as against some hundreds respectively in the principal centres of France, Germany and Russia. Were our evident indifference in the direction of Haydn balanced by a noteworthy enthusiasm to encourage and advance the publication of works by our own contemporary British composers, we should give proof of concentrating our efforts in a hitherto much neglected national channel. We might very reasonably plead the necessity of such efforts, as alone preventing us from participation with the rest of the musical world in an international tribute to the memory of "good Papa" Haydn. As it is, however, it must be confessed that the circulation of anything more ambitious than mediocre ballads and trivial pianoforte pieces receives in the aggregate but scanty practical support from the British public. The mind, soul, and spirit of humanity, after all, remain upon one universal level, generation after generation, with each successive race and civilization. Genius and individuality have waxed no greater in a Christian era than amongst the Greeks; and by the sincerity and insight of our appreciation of the gifted of one age may

perhaps best be gauged our probable ability and power to discern and discover their successors. Hence the public, to whom Haydn, the sensitive evolutionist and experimentalist of 18th century music, makes no appeal, is

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hardly likely to be moved by the courageous spirit of musical adventure, or the thrill of independence and originality that is ringing in our very midst, here in England, in our own decade.

A. E. Keeton.

## SALEH: A SEQUEL.

### XV.

He was met at the private landing-stage at the bottom of the Residency grounds by a young Englishman, who introduced himself as the Resident's private secretary, and was driven in a high mail-phæton up the beautifully graded road which led to the summit of the hill. The Resident was waiting to receive him in the great cool hall, and, after shaking him warmly by the hand, threw himself into a big, leather-covered arm-chair, and bade Saleh seat himself in another opposite to him.

"Well," said the Resident cordially, "I'm very glad to see you. I hope you had a pleasant time at the Court, and that Baker looked after you all right."

"Yes, thank you," said Saleh shyly.

The Resident lit a cigar, and examined Saleh curiously. He was a man of some seven or eight and forty years, sun-dried, and with a firm, hard nut of a face. His grey eyes were quick and piercing, his nose prominent and the tip blistered by the sun, his chin square and resolute, his clean-shaven lips thin and straight. He had the indefinable air of mastery which comes to a man who, during long years, has said, with the Centurion, to one "Go!" to another "Come!" to a third "Do this!" while he has stood a little aloof watching them work obedient to his will. His name was Ralph Craster, and he had some five and twenty years of Malayan experience at his back. He had succeeded Jack Norris as Resident of Pelesu, and had carried on the latter's work, with the same de-

votion to efficiency, but with something less of the deep sympathy with Malays and knowledge of them and of their character, which his predecessor had possessed.

"Mr. Norris saw you off from London, he tells me," Craster said presently. "He has written me a tremendous long screed about you. He's a good deal interested in your future. So am I."

"Thank you," said Saleh.

"My wife and I—I'll introduce you to her presently—want you to stop with us for a week, and after that I shall put you into harness. You'll have to begin at the bottom of the ladder, of course, like one of the cadets, but we shall be able to push you on more quickly than we can any of them. You see your knowledge of the language will be a great pull. You have not forgotten your Malay, I suppose?"

"No," said Saleh. "I had forgotten it a good deal, but it came back to me wonderfully."

"Quite so. Well, now I'll show you your room."

"There is one thing," said Saleh, faltering a little in embarrassment. He still had the Englishman's reluctance to make any display of religious scruples. "You are kind enough to say that I am to stay here for a week. About my food. . . . You see, I'm a *Muhammadan*. I cannot eat anything that is *haram*—sinful."

"By Jove, yes, of course," said Craster. "Oh, we'll manage all that, I dare-say. I'm glad you are particular about such things. A Malay *rāja* should al-

ways remember that he is a Malay and a Muhammadan."

So Saleh spent a week at the Residency, as he had previously passed a month at the Court of Pelesu, and the sudden return to a life modelled so closely upon that which he had known in England was to him, by turns, pleasant and distressing. Mrs. Craster was kind and motherly; the Resident, deeply immersed in work, was also kind whenever he could spare time to give the lad a thought; and the machine-like precision of a well-ordered English household was grateful to Saleh after the strange mingling of dirt and squalor and tawdry magnificence which had prevailed in his mother's establishment. The half-dozen parasitic followers who had attached themselves to Saleh when he left the Court declined to abandon him, and were the cause of some discomfort. They camped upon the verandah of his bedroom, and reduced it in no time, as Mrs. Craster told her husband in semi-humorous despair, to as near a likeness to a dirty Malay interior as circumstances rendered possible. They despised, too, and were in their turn despised by, the Chinese servants who moved so noiselessly about the Residency, and the feeling quickly developed into an open feud. They quarrelled about the rations served out to them in a manner which shocked Saleh, who remembered that he and his party were guests in the house; they almost came to blows with the Chinese cook, whom they accused of attempting to put unclean things into the dishes served to them and at the Resident's table for their master's consumption. Once they even brought *dârî-ans* into the house, and stank the place out with that most delicious and malodorous of fruits, and this, it must be confessed, did cause more than a momentary commotion. When the week was over and Saleh moved into a bungalow set apart

for his use, Mrs. Craster said that the verandah of his room was in worse case than Lady Macbeth's hands. All the perfumes of Arabi, she laughingly averred, would not sweeten that little plague-spot!

Saleh's own bungalow was presently reduced by the parasites to a very similar condition. He fought against the growing disorder and uncleanliness, but he fought in vain. His followers had no eyes for such things, and it passes the wit of any single individual to keep a house neat and trim if he shares it with half a dozen men, no one of whom has the remotest inkling of what neatness and trimness are. Very soon Saleh abandoned the vain struggle, and his bungalow speedily became as untidy and disordered as the interior of any ordinary Malay house. Presently, too, he lost all sense of discomfort in such surroundings.

He was attached to the Secretariat, and was set to learn the office routine daily from ten o'clock to four. Routine of any kind is a weariness of the flesh, and to Saleh, who had always hated books, the sedentary life would in the best of circumstances have been highly distasteful. Now, however, he felt resentful because he was chained by the white man's will to the task of mastering such gross details. What cared he about the system by which official papers were indexed and registered, about the formalities of correspondence, about which heads of departments must be allowed to note certain decisions when they had been recorded, and about other similar trivialities? What had things such as these to do with the science of government? It was not for him to realize that work of all kind, if it is to be done to perfection, depends largely upon attention to, and acquaintance with, a multitude of tiresome details. He only knew that he was badly bored, and that he resented the drudgery as a wrong.

He was surprised that his fellow cadets, young Englishmen of much higher educational attainments than his own, accepted the dull work allotted to them with complete contentment, took a keen interest in it, seemingly, simply because it chanced to be their work, and made no complaint of the drudgery imposed upon them. But then, he remembered, these men were not as he, the son of the King of the State. Yet any one of them might rise to be a British Resident and *de facto* ruler of the land, while he . . . !

For six months Saleh was kept in the Secretariat, and I fear that no very satisfactory reports of his work reached the Resident. Then for six more months he was mewed up in the offices of the Audit Department for the purpose of learning the details of the whole elaborate system of public accounts. The permanent staff were up to their eyes in work and could not waste time upon a would-be pupil. Other cadets, by applying themselves resolutely and learning with eagerness everything that could be learned by personal endeavor and occasional questions, obtained in some fashion or another an intimacy with the system which Saleh found perfectly dazzling, but the thing was altogether beyond him. It did not excite his interest, and he could not apply himself to anything so wearisome.

Meanwhile the other cadets were racing one another in view of the periodical examinations in language and law. The language presented no difficulties to Saleh, of course, and his examinations in this branch of knowledge were purely formal, but law meant drudgery again, and here once more Saleh failed. It was all like going to school for a second time, and he had always detested book-learning; also he could not convince himself of the necessity, of the utility, of the knowledge which was being instilled into him. As a

ruler, not by mere profession but by right divine, he resented the tyranny that bound him to such galley-work.

For the rest, he lived during this year at Kuala Pekara a sort of dual existence—one half native, the other half European,—like the hybrid which the Fates and English blundering had made of him. His bungalow, as I have said, became rapidly transformed into an integral portion of the Malaya from which in the beginning it had been rescued. Native chiefs, on a visit to headquarters, camped on the verandah, as a matter of course, without permission sought or given. They and their followers contributed to the accumulations of dirt, and made the already prevailing confusion worse and worse confounded. Loafers from all parts of the State straggled in, and were made welcome by the parasites. Everybody who could do so, as already said, lived with and *on* Saleh. Many of them borrowed money of him, which he found it impossible to refuse. All of them plundered him when the opportunity offered, and if detected smilingly quoted the Malayan proverb, "Where should the lice feed if not upon the Head?" The white men might have robbed royalty in Pelesu of many things, but the inestimable privileges of keeping open house and supporting all and sundry at his sole charges were not to be counted among the duties of which a prince of the blood had been relieved. Saleh's allowance—he was paid from the Civil List as a native chief—was more than double the salary of any of the English cadets, but his people spent it for him, as a Malayan rāja's money should be spent—royally! Saleh found to his distress that it went a surprisingly short way, but the motto *noblesse oblige* forbade economy or retrenchment.

He frequented the club occasionally and played billiards there, what time the parasites, of whom he could never

even momentarily be rid squatted in a picturesque group round the door, making him, and in some sort the race to which he belonged, ridiculous in the eyes of the white men and ladies. The card-room was practically closed to him, and being a Muhammadan he had no use for the bar; wherefore he usually returned to his bungalow, the parasites stringing out at his heels, with the feeling that he was in the white men's club something of a fish out of water. His very horse and trap, he felt, speedily became unlike those of his English companions. The parasites were a hopeless set of loafers and ineffectives: they would admit no strangers to their company, so Saleh had very soon to dismiss his Boyanese horse-keeper; and the grooming of the horse and the washing of the trap were thereafter home-made affairs, desperately amateurish and slovenly.

Saleh dined at the Residency not infrequently, and on such occasions he always took Mrs. Craster down to dinner. He also attended such balls as were given, but though all treated him with kindness and courtesy, many even with distinction, he quickly learned that the close intimacy which he had enjoyed with Englishwomen in Europe was something to which in Malaya he could not hope to be admitted. The men of both races met on terms of friendship and much equality, but the womenkind of each was something which, by mutual consent, both tacitly agreed to ignore.

Saleh, too, was gradually, almost insensibly, imbibing many of the sentiments of his people. It is a mistake to suppose that color prejudice is a feeling confined to white men. Every one who knows his Asia is aware that the Oriental regards the familiar association of his own women with Europeans with a disgust as passionate as any that is excited in ourselves when the position is reversed. Saleh, from

time to time, had listened to much casual talk among his own people on this and kindred subjects, and as old instincts and sentiments revived within him, he learned to perceive that the barrier of difference—the question of inferiority or superiority does not enter into the matter—was held by the Malays to divide them from the white men with a wall which they regarded as a rampart of defence, and which they would not for any consideration suffer to be laid low. The determination to keep the race unsullied by mixture with an infidel strain was as much present in the Malays as was the fixed resolve to keep their blood untainted a deeply-rooted instinct of the white men. By both alike was the half-breed despised. Only—and here, Saleh felt, lay the whole difference—the Malays did not try to transform white men into Malays, while the white men had essayed in his case to work a miracle equally impossible, equally undesirable in its results.

And so, as the months rolled by, Saleh found himself more and more distinctively a Malay, less and less an approximation to a white man in point of view, in sentiment, in affections, in his ambitions and his aspirations. As Jack Norris long ago had foretold, the East was holding out her arms to her wandering child, was drawing him closer, even closer, to her gorgeous, tattered bosom, and slowly, but very surely, was reclaiming her own.

#### XVI.

After Saleh had been some twelve months at Kuâla Pekâra, the Resident decreed that he should be transferred to Bandar Bharu, as the station situated on the right bank of the river opposite to the Court of Pelesu was called. This decision was arrived at after the Resident had had a conversation with the Secretary to Government, Mr. Dennis Drage, under whose im-

mediate eye Saleh had been acquiring his official education.

"The youngster is doing very little good where he is, sir," Drage had reported. "He's a nice little fellow, but he's a regular Malay. Work—real hard work—is hateful to him. I've tried to keep his nose to the grindstone, but it's no sort of use. He hasn't got it in him."

"Most boys are inclined to shirk grinding at dull routine," said the Resident. "Young Mat Saleh is not peculiar in that."

"In a way, no," assented Drage, thoughtfully. "All boys shirk at times, sir, as you say; but with Saleh there is a difference in kind rather than in degree. His indolence when he is not interested—and I am beginning to think that the sort of things which we can teach him in our offices can never interest him—gives one the impression that concentration is with him an impossibility."

The Resident now was thoughtful in his turn.

"That's curious, you know, isn't it?" he said. "That's clearly inherited. I've never known a Malayan rāja of the old school who did not create precisely the same impression every time one had to discuss business with him in which he did not chance to be personally interested,—the impression, not that he *wouldn't* give his mind to it, but that he simply *couldn't*. In spite of the English education and training, this boy is, after all, a Malay rāja. The fact can be seen sticking out all over him, like the plums out of a pudding. They tell me that his bungalow is a disgrace, and no one who was not by birth a Malayan chief could tolerate that "tail" of scallawags who devour his substance and trail about at his heels."

"Quite so, sir," said Drage. "And therefore I think we must try him upon different lines."

"If he were an ordinary cadet, we

should have to set him back for failure to pass his law exams., and for want of application to his other work; but this is a cadet whom we cannot set back or get rid of."

"Precisely. My proposal is that we attach him to Baker at Bandar Bharu. The work in the Court District may, perhaps, interest him a bit, and it is just possible that he may be useful. Anyhow, it seems to me to be his best chance, and it can't do much harm."

"All right," said the Resident. "Attach him to Baker. Send him to me before he goes, and I'll give the young man a good talking to."

The "talking to" was duly administered, and Saleh came away from it, with a sore heart. He had been made to understand very clearly that, so far he had failed; and yet he knew with an absolute certainty of conviction that the kind of things which had been required of him demanded the possession of qualities and abilities which he did not possess. As the Resident had said to Drage, his shortcomings were due, not to a refusal to apply his mind to the mastery of dull and uninteresting matters, but to an inability to concentrate when his interest was not aroused. The transfer itself, however, presented prospects which elated him. At last, he thought, he would take his share in the work of practical administration, and that in a district inhabited, not by Chinese or other foreigners, but by men and women of his own blood. Baker was considerably less contented when he learned of the Resident's decision.

"I've been begging for a competent Assistant for ages," he said to his friend the Medical Officer, "and now the mountain, having been in labor, has brought forth *ridiculus mus!* They are sending me young Tungku Mat Saleh. From the wisdom of all Residents, good Lord, deliver me!"

Saleh, accompanied by the jubilant parasites, journeyed down the Pelesu river in a launch, the distance being covered this time in a couple of days, for the current now was in his favor; but again Malaya, the inviolate, cried her appeal in his ears. After a year spent at Kuâla Pekâra, a place from which the combined efforts of the white men and the Chinese had contrived to eliminate almost all traces of its Malayan origin, Saleh felt that he breathed more freely when he found himself once more among the sleepy, sun-steeped villages, the spreading rice-fields, yielding full crops in return for a minimum of expended energy, the broad grazing-grounds over which buffaloes and peasants wandered with much the same indolent content, and the sombre masses of forest, which from the beginning of things had remained unmarred by the disfiguring works of mankind. This, he felt even more strongly than he had a year ago, was his native land, his proper, his natural environment. He drank in the sights that crowded his vision, snuffed lovingly at the scents borne to him from wood-fires, from spicy fruit-groves, from village and from forest, and was conscious of an exquisite feeling of freedom, of release. Kuâla Pekâra and the miracles which human ingenuity had wrought in that portion of the State possessed for him no sort of attraction: rather they repelled him. In his mind they were connected now with the never-ending monotonous, spiritless toil and grind of administrative routine. The reaction resulting from his year of servitude was strong upon him. Never before had he felt himself more completely, more passionately, more enthusiastically a Malay,—a member of that race in whose eyes, be it remembered, the thing which we call "energy" is as naturally repulsive

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as is vulgarity to the refined European.

His first few days at Bandar Bharu, too, were to him sheer delight. The disorder to which the parasites had reduced his bungalow at Kuâla Pekâra had blunted his senses in many directions, and things which had offended his fastidiousness when he came to the Court of Pelesu straight from an English home passed now almost unnoticed. Besides, had not the Malay in him been growing and gathering strength all these months, and was not this place the proper environment for a Malayan râja? Nightly he passed across the river to chat and gossip with old friends and acquaintances, to play at *cheki* at Che' Jebah's house, or to gamble at dice in his father's audience-hall. The parasites, gaily clad in silks purchased with his money or looted from his wardrobe, followed him everywhere; and Saleh, more in tune with his surroundings than ever before, enjoyed the distinction which was his by right, the deference shown to him, the flattery lavished upon him as the eldest son of the King. There was here no question, at any rate, of being tolerated, of being "a fish out of water," and his bruised self-conceit found balm in the knowledge that the interest which he excited, the loyal affection which he inspired, the ceremonious treatment which he received, were things personal to his Malayan self, in that no white man could ever occupy at the Court of Pelesu a position in any degree similar. It was all so different to what had been on the occasion of his first visit. Then he had been in a manner aloof, adrift, separated by im-palpable barriers from his own people: now they recognized instinctively that he had identified himself, thrown in his lot, with them, and they welcomed him —home.

(To be continued.)

## THE "QUARTERLY."

It was no doubt owing to some singularly beneficent dispensation that the old *Quarterly* article was doomed to disappear before the invention of the Maxim gun. Nature could hardly have endured two such devastating instruments at one and the same time. The centenary celebration of the *Quarterly Review*, the first number of which (for a wonder, only a month late) appeared in February, 1809, and the first volume in May, 1809, gives one an opportunity of reviewing the old ordnance and the men who handled it. As in the case of one of Vauban's dreaded fortresses on the barrier, or one of our marine forts bristling with obsolete guns, one is surprised at the terrible reputation that they so long maintained. And when the writers themselves are revealed and emerge from their wrappings we encounter the same kind of a shock as when a mild-visaged white man is discovered behind the ferociously grinning mask and horrid whiskers of an Oriental suit of armor. Were these the famous Quarterers of eighty years back, who spared neither age nor sex? Are these the statesmen and the slashers, the scorpions and the dry-as-dusts before whose adjectives the hardest imaginations quailed in terror?

The power of one or two reviews when the last century was young illustrates the vast change that has come over literary conditions in our own time. The directing classes, among other elements of discipline now departed, then undoubtedly had this, that they were more or less compelled to read the same books, to discuss the same themes, to assess the same authors. An average article then had a far more vigorous existence than an average book has with us. In a comparatively limited circle of cultivated people of a certain position in society

an article was discussed long before its birth. When it appeared it was pronounced upon. The justly elated author insisted upon eliciting an opinion as to its merits up to the very verge of his acquaintance. It formed the subject of unlimited correspondence; and its republication was seriously contemplated for two whole seasons, by which time the author was canvassing another "serious" effort.

This literature was pre-eminently written by gentlemen for gentlemen, and the gentry took it as solemnly as nourishing food, upon which they counted for the sustentation of opinions, prejudices, and aversions. The impossibility in a bipartite nation of getting all these "notions" properly sorted within a single cover made it necessary that there should be two *Quarterlies*. Before 1802 there had been two standard reviews in England, the *Monthly* and the *Critical*; but far from being written by gentlemen for gentlemen, these were written by unpresentable denizens of Grub street for publishers who regarded them primarily as mediums of advertisement for their particular wares. If a man of quality by any chance wrote for one of these reviews he felt it hardly seemly to take money for it; the pay was "refined cruelty"—two guineas a sheet of sixteen or, in some cases, thirty-two pages. All this was changed, the pay raised to ten guineas and more, the poor hacks transmuted to Whig mandarins, the number of readers quintupled in number and decupled in influence, by the fairy wand of Jeffrey and his versatile team of exultant Edinburgh *Reviewers*.

Disgust was soon excited, as was natural, among the Tories by the strident partisanship of the blue and buff organ; and in 1808 a grand scheme of op-

position was set on foot to oppose "the proud critics of Edinburgh," and to discharge an unexpected "bomb into their midst." Scott was the prime mover, along with John Murray, while Gifford, Southey, Ellis, Rose, Canning, Croker, Barrow, Lockhart, and others were enlisted in an attempt which could hardly fail to be arduous, for the *Edinburgh* had just struck its roots firmly and was improving with every new number. The first article in Number One treated of the Juntas of the Spanish Peninsula and their resistance to Napoleon. The opposition of the *Edinburgh* to the Spanish adventure of the Ministry from which such great results sprang had been nauseous in the extreme to a patriot of Sir Walter's calibre. Scott himself wrote on Reliques of Robert Burns, Southey on Missionaries, and the editor, William Gifford, on Lady Morgan's Novels. There were also articles on Walpole's Anecdotes, on the Chronicle of the Cid, and on Virgil's Georgics. The May number (still a month late) led off with Scott's paper on "Gertrude of Wyoming." An article on Sydney Smith's Sermons, in which he is said to have degraded the Saviour to a higher Socrates, infuriated that versatile divine. There was an article on Cumberland's Novels and an interesting literary *causerie* (of a type subsequently to become common) upon the Periodical Papers of the early eighteenth century; but the number was saved in contemporary opinion by "the Austrian Article." The two numbers forming the first volume contained in all thirty-five articles and 472 pages, including an index. Scott wrote cheerfully to his publisher and collaborators, but deplored the lack of energy and dash on the part of Gifford, and no one seems to have thought the prospect of the venture encouraging. The remonstrance of the gentle Sharon Turner against so much promiscuous slashing

("where is the bravery of treading upon a worm?") seems to have been treated with the contempt that it deserved; but it was felt to be necessary to enroll newer, more varied, and more vigorous essayists. Leigh Hunt was suggested and approached, but was diverted by political scruples—so vilely wrong-headed, wrote Murray, as to turn away from the path of elegant criticism, which would probably have led him into the way of respectability. Later on, in 1818, he was contemptuously informed that, although impudent and insane, he yet generally, unlike Keats, had a meaning. Most of the writers, including Scott himself, seem to have got ten guineas for sixteen pages, and the result to the publisher cannot have been quite so desolating as was represented if, as we believe to be the case some four thousand copies and upwards were disposed of. Gifford's unpunctuality was a frequent subject of Jeremiad.

I am beginning to suspect [wrote Murray] that you are not aware of the complete misery which is occasioned to me and the certain ruin which must attend the Review by our unfortunate procrastination. Long before this every line of copy for the present number ought to have been in the hands of the printer, . . . yet articles which you have long had lie scattered without attention and those which I ventured to send to the printer undergo such retarding corrections that even by this method we do not advance.

Gifford acknowledged that the publisher had cause to complain but maintained that the delay all arose from the fact that "you have too many advisers and I have too many masters." Murray complained that he had sunk five thousand in the work—an unparalleled venture in such a cause—and it was now perhaps that Gifford essayed the first version of his lyrical complaint—

Over-wearied, over-worried,  
Over-Croker'd, over-Murray'd.

Gifford was perfectly right. Papers had to be sent to Canning for approval, Ellis was always putting his oar in, Isaac D'Israeli complained of this, Croker of that, Murray himself meddled immoderately. The system not infrequently adopted was that which perennially puzzles the student of Elizabethan playwriting. The theme of an article was sketched by one writer, the foundation laid by another, a fair copy drafted by a third, written over by a fourth, then pruned by the editor, and re-written in proof. When all this was done there still, said the critics, remained "too much dissertation," "shapeless lumps of criticism," "terrible ponderosity," "too many pedants," "too much Greek." Yet steady progress was being made. No. 4 contained Robert Grant's unprejudiced essay on Charles James Fox, which drew more general interest than any individual paper that had yet appeared, and No. 5 contained Southey's £100 article on Nelson, which formed the kernel of the volume which was so soon to become an English classic. A symptom of the dread the new Review was beginning to inspire was conveyed to Gifford through the medium of three £1 notes forwarded to "the editor" by a lady novelist and assumed by him, on what grounds we are not informed, to have been intended by her as a contribution to the Lying-in-Hospital. In 1815 Southey contributed a fine pendant to his Nelson in an article on the achievements of Wellington, which appeared a few days before the greatest on the field of Waterloo. The *Edinburgh* upon this occasion was put to notable shame. Macintosh had written an elaborate, able, and lugubrious dissertation to show that the war ought to have been avoided and that the consequences to England could only be unfortunate and inglorious. The number was actually printed, stitched, and ready for distribution in June; but it was thought bet-

ter to wait a little, for fear of accidents, and especially for the purpose of using it instantly after the first reverse should occur, and thus giving it the force of prophecy. The battle of Waterloo came like a thunderclap. The article was suppressed, and one on "Gall and his Craniology" hurriedly substituted.

In 1817 we learn that Murray was already printing 10,000 of "the greatest of all his works," and in the same year Scott enjoyed the doubtfully enviable distinction of reviewing his own early *Waverleys*. Greater fame attaches to the brief notice of Keats's "Endymion" in April, 1818, which has often been attributed to Gifford, but was really the work of Croker. Three years later a Mr. Walker of Cambridge, was beaten in his attempt to find an English equivalent to Shelley's "Cloud," and had to fall back on the French *galimatias*. In 1833 the Review (that is, Lockhart and Croker) was quite impenitent, and, by way of withering the green shoots of Tennyson's Poems describes them with the acme of irony as equal to anything in Keats, and the author as "another and brighter star of that galaxy or milky way of poetry of which the lamented Keats was harbinger." More creditable to the Review at this time was the magisterial article by Nimrod (Charles Apperley) on "The Turf," or the same writer's article on Coaching, then, in 1832, at the apogee of its renown. The modern spirit of paradox is responsible for the assertion that no author however unassuming, was ever struck dead on the spot by a bolt from the *Quarterly Olympus*; but it is probably truer to say that no erring writer ever braved its thunders unscathed.

Meanwhile, in 1826, upon his father-in-law's guarantee and Canning's recommendation, Lockhart had succeeded Sir John Taylor Coleridge, who held the chair but for six or seven numbers

upon the retirement of Gifford. The new editor was to be paid a thousand a year, apart from his articles, and the unique *entrée* which his position gave him into London society, though Scott took care to warn him to "be devilish careful" of the start he made and to be sure to avoid the raffish set on the one hand and the slippared set on the other. Hence, perhaps, the slightly hidalgo-ish air which Lockhart commonly affected in good company. The tendency, henceforth and until 1900, was to limit the articles in number and increase them in amount, as they certainly were augmenting in interest. Volume 54 contains a well-informed article on "Elia," Hayward on "Gastronomy," and Croker on "Robespierre." Croker as usual wrote round to his acquaintance from "the Duke" downwards to ratify his authorship and express a tradesman-like pleasure that his article had "given satisfaction." New ground is broken in volume 56 in an elaborate article upon French novels in which the work of De Balsac (so it is written), Dumas, P. de Kock, Hugo, and George Sand is subjected to a very severe assaying. In a previous number in similar vein the Review had exposed the profligacy of contemporary French drama, and "the article, we are glad to repeat, has not been without its beneficial influence in France." Memorable articles follow in rapid succession upon Napier, Sir John Moore, "Sartor Resartus," Ranke's "Papacy," Wellington's Despatches, Landor, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "Etiquette," and The Universities (vols. 56-59). More entertaining is Hayward on "The Pickwick Papers," the author of which is carefully compared and contrasted with the accredited humorists of the day, including Sydney Smith, Hook, Wilson, Marryat and Lover, but excluding Surtees. Dickens is complimented upon his knowledge of the mother wit and unadulterated vernacular of the lower

classes in London, but is warned off gentry folk, game-keepers, and Wardle's Manor House—no more or less than "Bracebridge Hall" at second-hand! Dickens, it is elegantly surmised in conclusion, having risen like a rocket, will come down like the stick.

In the forties the Review, with a circulation of probably near 20,000, is at its prime, and we have a succession of striking articles—Horace Walpole, Libraries, "Eothen," College Life, Hume, Gladstone on Ward, Milman on Newman, Browning's "Dramatic Lyrics," "Coningsby," Grote, George Borrow, "Vanity Fair," "Modern Painters," and the famous scarification of "Jane Eyre" by Lady Eastlake. The last number edited by Lockhart was 185 (June, 1853), and Whitwell Elwin, who had been gradually associated in the editorial labors, reigned in his stead. Lockhart's best work was done outside the Review, but Elwin's assuredly was done within it; and his biographical studies of Sterne, Boswell, Raglan, Johnson, and Cowper have never been surpassed either in the serenity of their outlook or the sobriety of their judgment. Other memorable articles during his reign were by Forster, Kinglake, Pattison, and a new generation of contributors as to whose identity we have still to await enlightenment. Notable among them are papers on Scaliger, "The Origin of Species," George Eliot's novels (with a severe analysis of their moral tendency), New Englanders and the Old Home, Gregorovius, "Eels," Lockhart's "Scott," The British Museum, Lord Macaulay and his School (a protest), University Reform. Elwin was strictly an editor of the old school; as arbitrary as even Forster could have been in a like position, he feared not even Croker, whom Lockhart himself had left severely alone. He complained of the recurring tendency of the Review to be overlaid with statistics, Greek and Cicero.

and under his sway it tended to revert as in the days of Gifford and Sydney Smith (who occasionally went to the length of inventing books for pegs) to more and more independent essays, three-quarters of which were re-written by the editor either in manuscript or in proof. The old level of literary excellence was more than maintained, but, with Croker, the Review lost some of its keen political scent, and the unwitting Elwin admitted some ravening wolves into the Tory fold. In unpunctuality the records of Gifford's reign were once more approached. "The mediocrities press forward," Elwin complained; "the difficulty is to keep those who can write to their work. They take to the last moment and are invariably too long. They want a whole number to themselves." His own lack of method drove the publisher and printers to distraction. He was snowed up with papers and letters which were scattered over floors and tables, unopened, in mountainous heaps. Envelopes containing MSS. remained unopened for years together, and he did his best to encourage a widespread suspicion that there was no post to Booton. Yet, in many respects, he was an ideal editor, and the Review has never perhaps been entirely compensated for his loss.

When flogging in the Army and public executions went out the *Quarterly* abated a little of its old savagery; but a *Quarterly* article continued to be a compendium of all known (some add unknown) arts, sciences, and literatures, and the Review remained funda-

mentally unrevolutionized until 1900, when the old catch-words at the foot of the page were dropped, the format was slightly changed, the type modernized, the number of articles increased, the old irrelevancies suppressed, and the authors' names (in about forty per cent. of the articles) admitted. Many of these changes have been regretted by *Quarterly* enthusiasts and Conservatives generally, especially the loss of anonymity, by which the awful mystery of the editorial "we" and the cumulative force of ninety years' omniscience was to a great extent sacrificed. But there has been no falling off either in the literary quality or the magisterial authority of the general run of articles; and any change of the *Quarterly's* relative influence upon modern life has been due not to any diminution of its own intellectual energy, but to such complicated and indefinable forces as the over-multiplication of books and magazines, libraries and publishers, the decreased numerical ratio of highly cultivated readers and booksellers to the total number of the reading public, and to the increased complexity of literary and social defluents and cross-currents. For the literary history of the last three-quarters of a century and upwards, a file of the *Quarterly* constitutes an encyclopaedia as invaluable as *The Times* for political, the *Illustrated* for spectacular, or *Punch* for social history. As a guide to the framework of the literature of the last century, with its various connections and ramifications, it is fully as entertaining as it is indispensable.

The *Times*.

## AN HONEST THIEF.

(From the *Notebook of a Person of no Importance*)

BY FYODOR DOSTOEVSKY.

One morning, just as I was about to set off to my office, Agrafena, my cook, washerwoman and housekeeper, came in to me and, to my surprise, entered into conversation.

She had always been such a silent, simple creature that, except her daily inquiry about dinner, she had not uttered a word for the last six years. I, at least, had heard nothing else from her.

"Here I have come in to have a word with you, sir" she began abruptly, "you really ought to let the little room."

"Which little room?"

"Why, the one next the kitchen, to be sure."

"What for?"

"What for? Why because folks do take in lodgers, to be sure."

"But who would take it?"

"Who would take it? why, a lodger would take it, to be sure."

"But, my good woman, one could not put a bedstead in it; there wouldn't be room to move! Who could live in it?"

"Who wants to live there! As long as he has a place to sleep in. Why, he would live in the window."

"In what window?"

"In what window! As though you didn't know! The one in the passage, to be sure. He would sit there, sewing or doing anything else. Maybe he would sit on a chair, too. He's got a chair; and he has a table, too; he's got everything."

"Who is 'he' then?"

"Oh, a good man, a man of experience. I will cook for him. And I'll ask him three roubles a month for his board and lodging."

After prolonged efforts I succeeded at last in learning from Agrafena that an elderly man had somehow managed to persuade her to admit him into the

kitchen as a lodger and boarder. Any notion Agrafena took into her head had to be carried out; if not, I knew she would give me no peace. When anything was not to her liking, she at once began to brood and sank into a deep dejection that would last for a fortnight or three weeks. During that period my dinners were spoiled, my linen was mislaid, my floors went unscrubbed; in short, I had a great deal to put up with. I had observed long ago that this inarticulate woman was incapable of conceiving a project, of originating an idea of her own. But if anything like a notion or a project was by some means put into her feeble brain, to prevent its being carried out meant for a time her moral assassination. And so, as I cared more for my peace and comfort than for anything else, I consented forthwith.

"Has he a passport anyway, or something of the sort?"

"To be sure, he has. He is a good man, a man of experience; three roubles he's promised to pay."

The very next day the new lodger made his appearance in my modest bachelor quarters; but I was not put out by this, indeed I was inwardly pleased. I lead as a rule a very lonely hermit's existence. I have scarcely any friends; I hardly ever go anywhere. As I had spent ten years never coming out of my shell, I had, of course, grown used to solitude. But another ten or fifteen years or more of the same solitary existence, with the same Agrafena, in the same bachelor quarters, was in truth a somewhat cheerless prospect. And therefore a new inmate, if well-behaved, was a heaven-sent blessing.

Agrafena had spoken truly: my lodger was certainly a man of experience.

From his passport it appeared that he was an old soldier, a fact which I should have known indeed from his face. An old soldier is easily recognized. Astafy Ivanovitch was a favorable specimen of his class. We got on very well together. What was best of all, Astafy Ivanovitch would sometimes tell a story, describing some incident in his own life. In the perpetual boredom of my existence such a story-teller was a veritable treasure. One day he told me one of these stories. It made an impression on me. The following event was what led to it.

I was left alone in the flat; both Astafy and Agrafena were out on business of their own. All of a sudden I heard from the inner room somebody—I fancied a stranger—come in; I went out; there actually was a stranger in the passage, a short fellow wearing no overcoat in spite of the cold autumn weather.

"What do you want?"

"Does a clerk called Alexandrov live here?"

"Nobody of that name here, brother. Good-bye."

"Why, the dvornik told me it was here," said my visitor, cautiously retiring towards the door.

"Be off, be off, brother, get along."

Next day after dinner, while Astafy Ivanovitch was fitting on a coat which he was altering for me, again some one came into the passage. I half opened the door.

Before my very eyes my yesterday's visitor, with perfect composure, took my wadded greatcoat from the peg and stuffing it under his arm, darted out of the flat. Agrafena stood all the time staring at him, agape with astonishment and doing nothing for the protection of my property. Astafy Ivanovitch flew in pursuit of the thief and ten minutes later came back out of breath and empty-handed. He had vanished completely.

"Well, there's a piece of luck, Astafy Ivanovitch!"

"It's a good job your cloak is left or he would have put you in a plight, the thief!"

But the whole incident had so impressed Astafy Ivanovitch that I forgot the theft as I looked at him. He could not get over it. Every minute or two he would drop the work upon which he was engaged, and would describe over again how it had all happened, how he had been standing, how the greatcoat had been taken down before his very eyes, not a yard away, and how it had come to pass that he could not catch the thief. Then he would sit down to his work again, then leave it once more, and at last I saw him go down to the dvornik to tell him all about it, and to upbraid him for letting such a thing happen in his domain. Then he came back and began scolding Agrafena. Then he sat down to his work again, and long afterwards he was still muttering to himself how it had all happened, how he stood there and I was here, how before our eyes, not a yard away the thief took the coat off the peg, and so on. In short, though Astafy Ivanovitch understood his business, he was a terrible slow-coach and busy-body.

"He's made fools of us, Astafy Ivanovitch," I said to him in the evening, as I gave him a glass of tea. I wanted to while away the time by recalling the story of the lost greatcoat, the frequent repetition of which, together with the great earnestness of the speaker, was beginning to become very amusing.

"Fools, indeed, sir! Even though it is no business of mine, I am put out. It makes me angry though it is not my coat that was lost. To my thinking there is no vermin in the world worse than a thief. Another takes what you can spare, but a thief steals the work of your hands, the sweat of your brow,

your time . . . Ugh, it's nasty! One can't speak of it! it's too vexing. How is it you don't feel the loss of your property, sir?"

"Yes, you are right, Astafy Ivanovitch, better if the thing had been burnt, it's annoying to let the thief have it, it's disagreeable."

"Disagreeable! I should think so! Yet to be sure there are thieves and thieves. And I have happened, sir, to come across an honest thief."

"An honest thief? But how can a thief be honest, Astafy Ivanovitch?"

"There you are right indeed, sir. How can a thief be honest? There are none such. I only meant to say that he was an honest man, sure enough, and yet he stole. I was simply sorry for him."

"Why, how was that, Astafy Ivanovitch?"

"It was about two years ago, sir. I had been nearly a year out of a place, and just before I lost my place I made the acquaintance of a poor lost creature. We got acquainted in a public-house. He was a drunkard, a vagrant, a beggar. He had been in a situation of some sort, but from his drinking habits he had lost his work. Such a ne'er-do-well! God only knows what he had on! Often you wouldn't be sure if he'd a shirt under his coat; everything he could lay his hands upon he would drink away. But he was not one to quarrel; he was a quiet fellow. A soft, good-natured chap. And he'd never ask, he was ashamed; but you could see for yourself the poor fellow wanted a drink, and you would stand it him. And so we got friendly, that's to say, he stuck to me. . . . It was all one to me. And what a man he was, to be sure! Like a little dog he would follow me; wherever I went there he would be; and all that after our first meeting, and he as thin as a thread-paper! At first it was 'let me stay the night'; well, I let him stay.

"I looked at his passport, too; the man was all right.

"Well, the next day it was the same story, and then the third day he came again and sat all day in the window and stayed the night. Well, thinks I, he is sticking to me; give him food and drink and shelter at night, too—here am I, a poor man, and a hanger-on to keep as well! And before he came to me, he used to go in the same way to a government clerk's; he attached himself to him; they were always drinking together; but he, through trouble of some sort, drank himself into the grave. My man was called Emelyan Ilyitch. I pondered and pondered what I was to do with him? To drive him away I was ashamed, I was sorry for him; such a pitiful, God-forsaken creature I never did set eyes on. And not a word said either, he does not ask, but just sits there and looks into your eyes like a dog. To think what drinking will bring a man down to!"

"I keep asking myself how am I to say to him: 'You must be moving, Emelyanoushka, there's nothing for you here, you've come to the wrong place; I shall soon not have a bite for myself, how am I to keep you too?'

"I sat and wondered what he'd do when I said that to him. And I seemed to see how he'd stare at me, if he were to hear me say that, how long he would sit and not understand a word of it. And when it did get home to him at last, how he would get up from the window, would take up his bundle—I can see it now, the red-check handkerchief full of holes, with God knows what wrapped up in it, which he had always with him, and then how he would set his shabby old coat to rights, so that it would look decent and keep him warm, so that no holes would be seen—he was a man of delicate feelings! And how he'd open the door and go out with tears in his eyes. Well,

there's no letting a man go to ruin like that. . . . One's sorry for him.

"And then again, I think, how am I off myself? Wait a bit, Emelyanoushka, says I to myself, you've not long to feast with me: I shall soon be going away and then you will not find me.

"Well, sir, our family made a move; and *Alexandr Filimonovitch*, my master (now deceased, God rest his soul), said, 'I am thoroughly satisfied with you, *Astafy Ivanovitch*; when we come back from the country we will take you on again.' I had been butler with them; a nice gentleman he was, but he died that same year. Well, after seeing him off, I took my belongings, what little money I had, and I thought I'd have a rest for a time, so I went to an old woman I knew, and I took a corner in her room. There was only one corner free in it. She had been a nurse, so now she had a pension and a room of her own. Well, now good-bye, Emelyanoushka, thinks I, you won't find me now my boy.

"And what do you think, sir? I had gone out to see a man I knew, and when I came back in the evening the first thing I saw was Emelyanoushka! There he was, sitting on my box and his check bundle beside him; he was sitting in his ragged old coat, waiting for me. And to while away the time he had borrowed a church book from the old lady, and was holding it wrong side upwards. He'd scented me out! My heart sank. Well, thinks I, there's no help for it—why didn't I turn him out at first? So I asked him straight off: 'Have you brought your passport, Emelyanoushka?'

"I sat down on the spot, sir, and began to ponder: will a wanderer like that be very much trouble to me? And on thinking it over it seemed he would not be much trouble. He must be fed, I thought. Well, a bit of bread in the morning, and to make it go down

better I'll buy him an onion. At midday I should have to give him another bit of bread and an onion; and in the evening, onion again with kvass, with some more bread if he wanted it. And if some cabbage soup were to come our way, then we should both have had our fill. I am no great eater myself, and a drinking man, as we all know, never eats; all he wants is herb-brandy or green vodka. He'll ruin me with his drinking, I thought, but then another idea came into my head, sir, and took great hold on me. So much so that if Emelyanoushka had gone away I should have felt that I had nothing to live for, I do believe. . . . I determined on the spot to be a father and guardian to him. I'll keep him from ruin, I thought, I'll wean him from the glass! You wait a bit, thought I; very well, Emelyanoushka, you may stay, only you must behave yourself; you must obey orders.

"Well, thinks I to myself, I'll begin by training him to work of some sort, but not all at once; let him enjoy himself a little first, and I'll look round and find something you are fit for, Emelyanoushka. For every sort of work a man needs a special ability, you know, sir. And I began to watch him on the quiet; I soon saw Emelyanoushka was a desperate character. I began, sir, with a word of advice: I said this and that to him. 'Emelyanoushka,' said I, 'you ought to take a thought and mend your ways.'

"'Have done with drinking! Just look what rags you go about in: that old coat of yours, if I may make bold to say so, is fit for nothing but a sieve. A pretty state of things! It's time to draw the line, sure enough.' Emelyanoushka sat and listened to me with his head hanging down. Would you believe it, sir? It had come to such a pass with him, he'd lost his tongue through drink, and could not speak a word of sense. Talk to him of cucum-

bers and he'd answer back about beans! He would listen and listen to me and then heave such a sigh. 'What are you sighing for, Emelyan Ilyitch?' I asked him.

"'Oh, nothing, don't you mind me, Astafy Ivanovitch. Do you know there were two women fighting in the street to-day, Astafy Ivanovitch? One upset the other woman's basket of cranberries by accident.'

"'Well, what of that?'

"'And the second one upset the other's cranberries on purpose and trampled them under foot, too.'

"'Well, and what of it, Emelyan Ilyitch?'

"'Why, nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch, I just mentioned it.'

"'Nothing, I just mentioned it!'" Emelyanoushka, my boy, I thought, you've squandered and drunk away your brains!

"'And do you know, a gentleman dropped a money-note on the pavement in Gorohovy Street, no, it was Sadovy Street. And a peasant saw it and said, "That's my luck"; and at the same time another man saw it and said, "No, it's my bit of luck. I saw it before you did."'

"'Well, Emelyan Ilyitch?'

"'And the fellows had a fight over it, Astafy Ivanovitch. But a policeman came up, took away the note, gave it back to the gentleman and threatened to take up both the men.'

"'Well, but what of that? What is there edifying about it, Emelyanoushka?'

"'Why, nothing to be sure. Folks laughed, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"Ach, Emelyanoushka! What do the folks matter? You've sold your soul for a brass farthing! But do you know what I have to tell you, Emelyan Ilyitch?'

"'What, Astafy Ivanovitch?'

"'Take a job of some sort, that's what you must do. For the hundredth

time I say to you, set to work, have some mercy on yourself!'

"'What could I set to, Astafy Ivanovitch? I don't know what job I could set to, and there is no one who will take me on, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'That's how you came to be turned off, Emelyanoushka, you drinking man!'

"'And do you know Vlass, the waiter, was sent for to the office to-day, Astafy Ivanovitch?'

"'Why did they send for him, Emelyanoushka?' I asked.

"'I could not say why, Astafy Ivanovitch. I suppose they wanted him there, and that's why they sent for him.'

"A-ach, thought I, we are in a bad way, poor Emelyanoushka! The Lord is chastizing us for our sins. Well, sir, what is one to do with such a man?

"But a cunning fellow he was, and no mistake. He'd listen and listen to me, but at last I suppose he got sick of it. As soon as he sees I am beginning to get angry, he'd pick up his old coat and out he'd slip and leave no trace. He'd wander about all day and come back at night drunk. Where he got the money from, the Lord only knows, I had no hand in that.

"'No,' said I, 'Emelyan Ilyitch, you'll come to a bad end. Give over drinking, mind what I say now, give it up! Next time you come home in liquor, you can spend the night on the stairs. I won't let you in!'

"After hearing that threat, Emelyanoushka sat at home that day and the next; but on the third he slipped off again. I waited and waited, he didn't come back. Well, at last I don't mind owning, I was in a fright, and I felt for the man too. What have I done to him? I thought. I've scared him away. Where's the poor fellow gone to now? He'll get lost maybe. Lord have mercy upon us!'

"Night came on, he did not come. In

the morning I went out into the porch. I looked, and if he hadn't gone to sleep in the porch! There he was with his head on the step, and chilled to the marrow of his bones.

"What next, Emelyanoushka? God have mercy on you! Where will you get to next?"

"Why, you were—sort of—angry with me, Astafy Ivanovitch, the other day, you were vexed and promised to put me to sleep in the porch, so I didn't—sort of—venture to come in. Astafy Ivanovitch, and so I lay down here . . . ?"

"I did feel angry and sorry too."

"Surely you might undertake some other duty, Emelyanoushka, instead of lying here guarding the steps," I said.

"Why, what other duty, Astafy Ivanovitch?"

"You lost soul—I was in such a rage, I called him that—if you could but learn tailoring work! Look at your old rag of a coat! It's not enough to have it in tatters, here you are sweeping the steps with it! You might take a needle and boggle up your rags, as decency demands. Ah, you drunken man!"

"What do you think, sir? He actually did take a needle. Of course I said it in jest, but he was so scared he set to work. He took off his coat and began threading the needle. I watched him; as you may well guess, his eyes were all red and bleary, and his hands were all of a shake. He kept shoving and shoving the thread and could not get it through the eye of the needle; he kept screwing his eyes up and wetting the thread and twisting it in his fingers—it was no good! He gave it up and looked at me.

"Well," said I, "this is a nice way to treat me!" If there had been folks by to see, I don't know what I should have done! "Why, you simple fellow, I said it you in joke, as a reproach. Give over your nonsense, God bless you! Sit

quiet and don't put me to shame, don't sleep on my stairs and make a laughing-stock of me."

"Why, what am I to do, Astafy Ivanovitch? I know very well I am a drunkard and good for nothing! I can do nothing but vex you, my bene—bene—factor . . . ?"

"And at that his blue lips began all of a sudden to quiver, and a tear ran down his white cheek and trembled on his stubbly chin, and then poor Emelyanoushka burst into a regular flood of tears. Mercy on us! I felt as though a knife were thrust into my heart! The sensitive creature! I'd never have expected it. Who could have guessed it? No, Emelyanoushka, thought I, I shall give you up altogether. You can go your way like the rubbish you are.

"Well, sir, why make a long story of it? And the whole affair is so trifling, it's not worth wasting words upon. Why, you, for instance, sir, would not have given a thought to it, but I would have given a great deal—if I had a great deal to give—that it never should have happened at all.

"I had a pair of riding-breeches by me, sir, deuce take them, fine, first-rate riding-breeches they were too, blue with a check on it. They'd been ordered by a gentleman from the country, but he would not have them after all, said they were not full enough, so they were left on my hands. It struck me they were worth something. At the second-hand dealer's I ought to get five silver roubles for them, or if not I could turn them into two pairs of trousers for Petersburg gentlemen and have a piece over for a waistcoat for myself. Of course for poor people like us everything comes in. And it happened just then that Emelyanoushka was having a sad time of it. There he sat day after day: he did not drink, not a drop passed his lips, but he sat and moped like an owl. It was sad to see him—he just sat and brooded. Well,

thought I, either you've not got a copper to spend, my lad, or else you're turning over a new leaf of yourself, you've given it up, you've listened to reason. Well, sir, that's how it was with us; and just then came a holiday. I went to vespers; when I came home I found Emelyanoushka sitting in the window, drunk, and rocking to and fro.

"Ah! so that's what you've been up to, my lad! And I went to get something out of my chest. And when I looked in, the breeches were not there . . . I rummaged here and there, they'd vanished. When I'd ransacked everywhere and saw they were not there, something seemed to stab me to the heart. I ran first to the old dame and began accusing her; of Emelyanoushka I'd not the faintest suspicion, though there was cause for it in his sitting there drunk.

"'No,' said the old body, 'God be with you, my fine gentleman, what good are riding-breeches to me? Am I going to wear such things? Why, a skirt I had I lost the other day through a fellow of your sort . . . I know nothing; I can tell you nothing about it,' she said.

"Who has been here, who has been in? I asked.

"'Why, nobody has been, my good sir,' says she. 'I've been here all the while; Emelyan Ilyitch went out and came back again; there he sits, ask him.'

"'Emelyanoushka,' said I, 'have you taken those new riding-breeches for anything; you remember the pair I made for that gentleman from the country?'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he; 'I've not—sort of—touched them.'

"I was in a state! I hunted high and low for them—they were nowhere to be found. And Emelyanoushka sits there rocking himself to and fro. I was squatting on my heels facing him and bending over the chest and all at once I stole a glance at him. . . . Alack,

I thought, my heart suddenly grew hot within me and I felt myself flushing up too. And suddenly Emelyanoushka looked at me.

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he, 'those riding-breeches of yours, maybe you are thinking, maybe, I took them, but I never touched them.'

"But what can have become of them, Emelyan Ilyitch?'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he, 'I've never seen them.'

"'Why, Emelyan Ilyitch, I suppose they've run off of themselves, eh?'

"'Maybe they have Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"When I heard him say that, I got up at once, went up to him, lighted the lamp and sat down to work at my sewing. I was altering a waistcoat for a clerk who lived below us. And wasn't there a burning pain and ache in my breast! I shouldn't have minded so much if I had put all the clothes I had in the fire. Emelyanoushka seemed to have an inkling of what a rage I was in. When a man is guilty, you know, sir, he scents trouble far off, like the birds of the air before a storm.

"Do you know what, Astafy Ivanovitch," Emelyanoushka began, and his poor old voice was shaking as he said the words, 'Antip Prohritch, the apothecary, married the coachman's wife this morning, who died the other day—'

"I did give him a look, sir, a nasty look it was; Emelyanoushka understood it too. I saw him get up, go to the bed and begin to rummage there for something. I waited—he was busy there a long time and kept muttering all the time, 'No, not there, where can the blessed things have got to!' I waited to see what he'd do; I saw him creep under the bed on all fours. I couldn't bear it any longer. 'What are you crawling about under the bed for, Emelyan Ilyitch,' said I.

"'Looking for the breeches, Astafy

Ivanovitch. Maybe they've dropped down there somewhere.'

"Why should you try to help a poor simple man like me," said I, 'crawling on your knees for nothing, sir—I called him that in my vexation.

"Oh, never mind, Astafy Ivanovitch, I'll just look. They'll turn up, maybe, somewhere."

"'H'm,' said I, 'look here, Emelyan Ilyitch!'

"What is it, Astafy Ivanovitch?" said he.

"Haven't you simply stolen them from me like a thief and a robber, in return for the bread and salt you've eaten here?" said I.

"I felt so angry, sir, at seeing him fooling about on his knees before me.

"No, Astafy Ivanovitch."

"And he stayed lying as he was on his face under the bed. A long time he lay there and then at last crept out. I looked at him and the man was as white as a sheet. He stood up, and sat down near me in the window and sat so for some ten minutes.

"No, Astafy Ivanovitch," he said, and all at once he stood up and came towards me, and I can see him now, he looked dreadful. "No, Astafy Ivanovitch," said he, 'I never—sort of touched your breeches.'

"He was all of a shake, poking himself in the chest with a trembling finger, and his poor old voice shook so that I was frightened, sir, and sat as though I was rooted to the window-seat.

"Well, Emelyan Ilytch," said I, 'as you will, forgive me if I, in my foolishness, have accused you unjustly. As for the breeches, let them go hang; we can live without them. We've still our hands, thank God, we need not go thieving or begging from some other poor man; we'll earn our bread.'

"Emelyanoushka heard me out and went on standing there before me. I looked up, and he had sat down. And

there he sat all the evening without stirring. At last I lay down to sleep. Emelyanoushka went on sitting in the same place. When I looked out in the morning, he was lying curled up in his old coat on the bare floor; he felt too crushed even to come to bed. Well, sir, I felt no more liking for the fellow from that day, in fact for the first few days I hated him. I felt as one may say as though my own son had robbed me, and done me a deadly hurt. Ach, thought I, Emelyanoushka, Emelyanoushka! And Emelyanoushka, sir, went on drinking for a whole fortnight without stopping. He was drunk all the time and regularly besotted. He went out in the morning and came back late at night and for a whole fortnight I didn't get a word out of him. It was as though grief was gnawing at his heart, or as though he wanted to do for himself completely. At last he stopped; he must have come to the end of all he'd got and then he sat in the window again. I remember he sat there without speaking for three days and three nights; all of a sudden I saw that he was crying. He was just sitting there, sir, and crying like anything, a perfect stream, as though he didn't know how his tears were flowing. And it's a sad thing, sir, to see a grown-up man and an old man, too, crying from woe and grief.

"What's the matter, Emelyanoushka?" said I.

"He began to tremble so that he shook all over. I spoke to him for the first time since that evening.

"Nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch."

"God be with you, Emelyanoushka. What's lost is lost. Why are you moping about like this? I felt sorry for him.

"Oh, nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch, it's no matter. I want to find some work to do, Astafy Ivanovitch."

"And what sort of work, pray, Emelyanoushka?"

"Why, any sort; perhaps I could find a situation such as I used to have. I've been already to ask Fedosay Ivanitch. I don't like to be a burden on you, Astafy Ivanovitch. If I can find a situation, Astafy Ivanovitch, then I'll pay it you all back, and make you a return for all your hospitality."

"Enough, Emelyanoushka, enough; let bygones be bygones and no more be said about it. Let us go on as we used to do before."

"No, Astafy Ivanovitch, you, maybe, think—but I never touched your riding-breeches."

"Well, have it your own way; God be with you, Emelyanoushka."

"No, Astafy Ivanovitch, I can't go on living with you, that's clear. You must excuse me, Astafy Ivanovitch."

"Why, God bless you, Emelyan Ilyitch, who's offending you and driving you out of the place—am I doing it?"

"No, it's not the proper thing for me to live with you like this, Astafy Ivanovitch. I'd better be going."

"He was so hurt, it seemed, he stuck to his point. I looked at him, and sure enough up he got and pulled his old coat over his shoulders.

"But where are you going, Emelyan Ilyitch? Listen to reason: what are you about? Where are you off to?"

"No, good-bye, Astafy Ivanovitch, don't keep me now"—and he was blubbering again—I'd better be going. You're not the same now."

"Not the same as what? I am the same. But you'll be lost by yourself like a poor helpless babe, Emelyan Ilyitch."

"No, Astafy Ivanovitch, when you go out now, you lock up your chest and it makes me cry to see it, Astafy Ivanovitch. You'd better let me go, Astafy Ivanovitch, and forgive me all the trouble I've given you while I've been living with you."

"Well, sir, the man went away. I waited for a day, I expected he'd be

back in the evening—no. Next day no sign of him, nor the third day either. I began to get frightened, I was so worried, I couldn't drink, I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. The fellow had quite disarmed me. On the fourth day I went out to look for him; I peeped into all the taverns, to inquire for him—but no, Emelyanoushka was lost. 'Have you managed to keep yourself alive, Emelyanoushka?' I wondered. 'Perhaps he is lying dead under some hedge, poor drunkard, like a sodden log.' I went home more dead than alive. Next day I went out to look for him again. And I kept cursing myself that I'd been such a fool as to let the man go off by himself. On the fifth day it was a holiday—in the early morning I heard the door creak. I looked up and there was my Emelyanoushka coming in. His face was blue and his hair was covered with dirt as though he'd been sleeping in the street; he was as thin as a match. He took off his old coat, sat down on the chest and looked at me. I was delighted to see him, but I felt more upset about him than ever. For you see, sir, if I'd been overtaken in some sin, as true as I am here, sir, I'd have died like a dog before I'd have come back. But Emelyanoushka did come back. And a sad thing it was, sure enough, to see a man sunk so low. I began to look after him, to talk kindly to him, to comfort him.

"Well, Emelyanoushka," said I, "I am glad you've come back. Had you been away much longer I should have gone to look for you in the taverns again to-day. Are you hungry?"

"No, Astafy Ivanovitch."

"Come now, aren't you really? Here, brother, is some cabbage soup left over from yesterday; there was meat in it, it is good stuff. And here is some bread and onion. Come, eat it, it'll do you no harm."

"I made him eat it, and I saw at

once that the man had not tasted food for maybe three days—he was as hungry as a wolf. So it was hunger that had driven him to me. My heart was melted looking at the poor dear. 'Let me run to the tavern,' thought I, 'I'll get something to ease his heart and then we'll make an end of it. I've no more anger in my heart against you, Emelyanoushka!' I brought him some vodka. 'Here, Emelyan Ilyitch, let us have a drink for the holiday. Like a drink? And it will do you good.' He held out his hand, held it out greedily, he was just taking it, and then he stopped himself. But a minute after I saw him take it, and lift it to his mouth, spilling it on his sleeve. But though he got it to his lips he set it down on the table again.

"What is it, Emelyanoushka?"

"Nothing, Astafy Ivanovitch, I—sort of—"

"Won't you drink it?"

"Well, Astafy Ivanovitch, I'm not—sort of—going to drink any more, Astafy Ivanovitch."

"Do you mean you've given it up altogether, Emelyanoushka, or are you only not going to drink to-day?"

"He did not answer. A minute later I saw him rest his head on his hand.

"What's the matter, Emelyanoushka, are you ill?"

"Why, yes, Astafy Ivanovitch, I don't feel well."

"I took him and laid him down on the bed. I saw that he really was ill: his head was burning hot and he was shivering with fever. I sat by him all day; towards night he was worse. I mixed him some oil and onion and kvass and bread broken up.

"Come, eat some of this," said I, 'and perhaps you'll be better.' He shook his head. 'No,' said he, 'I won't have any dinner to-day, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"I made some tea for him, I quite flustered our old woman—he was no

better. Well, thinks I, it's a bad lookout! The third morning I went for a medical gentleman. There was one I knew living close by, Kostopravov by name. I'd made his acquaintance when I was in service with the Bosomyagins; he'd attended me. The doctor came and looked at him. 'He's in a bad way,' said he, 'it was no use sending for me. But if you like I can give him a powder.' Well, I didn't give him a powder, I thought that's just the doctor's little game; and then the fifth day came.

"He lay, sir, dying before my eyes. I sat in the window with my work in my hands. The old woman was heating the stove. We were all silent. My heart was simply breaking over him, the good-for-nothing fellow; I felt as if it were a son of my own I was losing. I knew that Emelyanoushka was looking at me. I'd seen the man all the day long making up his mind to say something and not daring to.

"At last I looked up at him; I saw such misery in the poor fellow's eyes. He had kept them fixed on me, but when he saw that I was looking at him, he looked down at once.

"Astafy Ivanovitch."

"What is it, Emelyanoushka?"

"If you were to take my old coat to a second-hand dealer's, how much do you think they'd give you for it, Astafy Ivanovitch?"

"There's no knowing how much they'd give. Maybe they would give me a rouble for it, Emelyan Ilyitch."

"But if I had taken it they wouldn't have given a farthing for it, but would have laughed in my face for bringing such a trumpery thing. I simply said that to comfort the poor fellow, knowing the simpleton he was.

"But I was thinking, Astafy Ivanovitch, they might give you three roubles for it; it's made of cloth, Astafy Ivanovitch. How could they only give one rouble for a cloth coat?"

"I don't know, Emelyan Ilyitch," said I, "if you are thinking of taking it you should certainly ask three troubles to begin with."

"Emelyanoushka was silent for a time and then he addressed me again:

"'Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'What is it, Emelyanoushka,' I asked.

"'Sell my coat when I die, and don't bury me in it. I can lie as well without it; and it's a thing of some value, it might come in useful.'

"I can't tell you how it made my heart ache to hear him. I saw that the death agony was coming on him. We were silent again for a bit. So an hour passed by. I looked at him again: he was still staring at me, and when he met my eyes he looked down again.

"'Do you want some water to drink, Emelyan Ilyitch?' I asked.

"'Give me some, God bless you, Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"I gave him a drink.

"'Thank you, Astafy Ivanovitch,' said he.

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"'Is there anything else you would like, Emelyanoushka?'

"'No, Astafy Ivanovitch, there's nothing I want, but I—sort of—'

"'What?'

"'I only—'

"'What is it, Emelyanoushka?'

"'Those riding-breeches—it was—sort of—I who took them—Astafy Ivanovitch.'

"'Well, God forgive you Emelyanoushka,' said I, 'you poor sorrowful creature. Depart in peace.'

"And I was choking myself sir, and the tears were in my eyes. I turned aside for a moment.

"'Astafy Ivanovitch—'

"I saw Emelyanoushka wanted to tell me something; he was trying to sit up, trying to speak and mumbling something. He flushed red all over suddenly, looked at me . . . then I saw him turn white again, whiter and whiter, and he seemed to sink away all in a minute. His head fell back, he drew one breath and gave up his soul to God."

*Translated by Constance Garnett.*

## HOW AH SIN SANG.

The primitive myths of great races assume that all mankind is descended from one father and one mother; and to most of us the assumption seems natural, for long habit has blinded us to its wonder. In reality, it results from astonishing powers of insight and generalization. Much as the species in other classes of mammals vary; wide as is the gulf between the great watchdogs of the Caucasus and the "toy Poms" of Kensington's imbecility; it is doubtful if even dogs differ so much from each other as men. No visitant to earth would suppose that the negress of Nigerian swamps, suckling her young over her shoulder, belonged to

the same genus as the pale Duchess receiving her guests at the top of the branching staircase. It would need a long straining in morphology, as well as in philanthropic habits, before he could speak of the negress as the Duchess's sister cut in ebony. Yet from the beginning it seems that man has never hesitated to identify his kind. He has always included hairy pygmies in brotherhood with Plato, but has drawn a steady bar between pygmies and the highest gifts of Consul, though the difference may be called infinite in one case, and hardly perceptible in the other.

But among all the varied races it has

appeared most difficult to recognize a common parentage for ourselves and the Chinese. It is not so much the difference in appearance that matters. After all, they are far more like us than any African tribe. Apart from the sprouting of the hair, and eye-sockets cut like slits in a flat surface, there is not much essential difference in form. It is in the soul that the difference seems generic. When you ask a mangrove negroid his thoughts on ju-ju and the surrounding world of spirits, he draws a film over his eyes, no thicker than covers the eyes of a seal, though impenetrable as the mangrove forest itself. But between you and a Chinaman the barrier is always there, solid and inexpugnable, like the Great Wall where it is reduplicated ten times over. That our fathers should have believed even Chinamen to have sprung from Eden out of the same types of human perfection as themselves is evidence of a faith before which our little systems shrivel.

The obvious distinctions in mind and custom are, indeed, astonishing. The Chinese honor the man of peace and despise the soldier. They wear their gayest clothes in civil life, and dress their officers in rags or anything. They enjoy kite-flying more than killing or being killed. If possible, they allow the enemy to run away without hurting him. They decorate a distinguished man with a button instead of a garter, and they are honest in trade. To such glaring differences we may add a few more subtle, after reading a little book on Chinese lyrics, called "A Lute of Jade," by Mr. Craumer-Byng (Murray). The author has here translated a number of old Chinese songs. True, they are not old as Chinese history goes. Very few come from the collection made by Confucius about the time when Solon was enacting laws for Athens. Nearly all date from what stands for the classic period of Chinese

literature—the time when in our country, as Carlyle said, the gluttonous race of Jutes and Saxons were lumbering about in pot-bellied equanimity, not dreaming of heroic toil and silence and endurance such as lead to the high places of this universe, and the golden mountain-tops where dwell the spirits of the Dawn. In other words they date from the three or four centuries before the Conquest.

Like those gluttonous ancestors of ours, the Chinese poets did not dream much of heroic toil, silence, and endurance. As was to be expected of so pacific a race, their songs are of peace, and war is mentioned only with abhorrence. But one thing that sharply distinguished their people from ours was a veneration for literature and learning. The veneration is still maintained in a country where the highest positions are open to the scholar, no matter how humble his birth and position. So we find that verse-making has always been a second nature with the Chinese, and it is, above all, the recreation of statesmen and great officials—"a means of escape," we are told, "from the weariness of public life." It was a means that Gladstone tried, though but rarely, and in a foreign tongue: else even his reputation could not have withstood the suspicion that attaches to a poet. But in China, emperors themselves were poets, and not merely by proxy, like those of our nobility, who put their names to books which others have written. We read of one great emperor who is described as "poet and sportsman, mystic and man of this world, a great polo player, and the passionate lover of one beautiful woman"—a description that reminds one of an eighteenth-century portrait in Dulwich College, bearing the brief biography, "He was six foot high, a good jumper, skater and scholar, athletic and humane." We also read that, unlike the majority of modern poets, the Chinese

singers meditated much on the sanctities of home, and were so gentle that one of them "spent his time in angling, but used no bait, his object not being to catch fish."

But, after all, some of our writers, too, have been meditative and some gentle. Mark Pattison used to dig a garden bed in which nothing was ever planted, his object not being to grow plants. Many of our hunters pursue a smelling rag, their object not being to catch foxes; and if we stood angling without a bait it would not be the first time for most of us. The more we look into Chinese nature as revealed by this little book of songs, the more we are convinced that our fathers were right in speaking of man's brotherhood, incredible as it appears. It is true we cannot judge much from the present form of the poems, for the translator has an excellent gift of verse himself, and that is dangerous in the translation of texts we cannot read. He would have done better to give us the literal prose in a few lines as well. But we gather that the Chinese classics used rhyme not unlike the Persian rhyme, and that alone is a wonder in human relationship as surprising as the Chinese discovery of gunpowder some ages before Roger Bacon. For the pleasure of Europe in rhyme is quite recent, and very difficult to explain. Otherwise, the only hint as to form that we get from this book is the Chinese love for brief lyrics that set, as it were, a note which the hearer may carry forward in his own thoughts. The poet's meaning is not fully expressed, but is intended to vibrate in the memory like music. The Japanese gain the same effect in their tiny poems of fifteen syllables. Let us take an example from Wang Seng-Ju, who lived while the Saxons were driving the Celts off our fattest land:—

High o'er the hill the moon barque  
steers,

The lantern lights depart,  
Dead springs are stirring in my heart,  
And there are tears;  
But that which makes my grief more  
deep  
Is that you know not when I weep.

It is a sudden jet of emotion, almost instantly suppressed and left to the hearer to feel and understand. And the emotion is just the human longing for the absent—the yearning, "Sehnsucht," "desiderium"—of European poets. "How can these earwigs love each other?" asked the little girl, but through all the varied, and perhaps repellent, species of mankind the deep feelings at the base of nature are very much the same. There is a longer poem on the same theme by Chang Jo-Hu, who sang about the time of Charlemagne; it is also full of moonlight, for among all races the moon sheds the natural light for love and mischief. Here are a few lines:—

Though they mingle not,  
Our thoughts seek one another. In the  
lilt  
Of winds I hear her whisper: "Oh  
that I  
Might melt into the moonbeams, and  
with them  
Leap through the void, and shed my-  
self with them  
Upon my lover." Slow the night  
creeps on;  
Sleep harbors in the little room. She  
dreams—  
Dreams of a fall of flowers. Alas!  
young Spring  
Lies on the threshold of maternity,  
And still he comes not.

But it is natural to sing of love, the transfiguration of the soul. Even the Zulus, between their war-songs of Chaka and their praises of cattle, will pause for interludes of love. There are other notes in the Chinese lyrics more surprising for their harmony with ourselves. Frequently there is the note of life's brevity, the uselessness of striving, the wisdom of snatching pleasure

as it flies. To the same Horatian mood belongs the frequent lament for vanished glory. Compare with Omar's "Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep," this little poem made by Kao-Shih, four centuries before Omar:

There was a King in Liang—a King of wondrous might—  
Who kept an open palace, where music charmed the night.  
Since he was lord of Liang, a thousand years have flown.  
And of the towers he builded, you ruin stands alone.  
There reigns a heavy silence; gaunt weeds through windows pry.  
And down the streets of Liang, old echoes, wailing, die.

In China, as in Persia, in Ireland, and among the English lakes the mind of poets has been haunted by these visions of a past which man never believes to be really dead. Sometimes, too, though seldom, we hear in the Chinese poets the echoes of battles long ago, and it is characteristic of the peaceful and self-deprecating race that the one great battle-song in the book is a noble lamentation by Li Hua over an ancient field, the scene not of victory but of overwhelming disaster.

Far more often we have the brief meditations of a soul in harmony with the universe,—“made one,” as they said, “with the pulsations of eternity.” It is a state to be attained, as all Orientals know, by suppression of transitory desires and concentration of thought upon the things that are more excellent. It leads to the spiritual freedom thus expressed by Ssu-K’ung T’u about the time of our Danish invasions:—

The Nation,

I revel in flowers without let,  
An atom at random in space;  
My soul dwells in regions ethereal,  
And the world is my dreaming-place.

As the tops of the ocean I tower,  
As the winds of the air spreading wide,  
I am 'stablished in might, and dominion, and power,  
With the universe ranged at my side.

Before me the sun, moon, and stars,  
Behind me the phoenix doth clang;  
In the morning I lash my leviathans,  
And I bathe my feet in Fusang.

Which is all a very satisfactory result of spiritual freedom, and reminds one somehow of Shelley’s coursers fed with the lightning and drinking of the whirlwind’s stream. But, on the whole, we turn with relief from the Oriental bliss of abstract meditation back to those feelings, those joys and pains and undying regrets, which are the heritage of all mankind, whether we bathe our feet in Fusang or the Severn or the Orinoco. For, as Ou-Yang Hsiu of Lu-Ling said, while the battle of Hastings was raging far away:—

There yet is man—  
Man, the divinest of all things, whose heart  
Hath known the shipwreck of a thousand hopes,  
Who bears a hundred wrinkled tragedies  
Upon the parchment of his brow.  
“A hundred wrinkled tragedies!” Oh, with what disjointed syllables of Chang and Chi and Bo did that ancient poet of the Sung dynasty contrive to express so fine and Elizabethan a thought?

## INFLUENCE.

Every man desires to influence others, and perhaps it is the universality of the desire which causes the familiar

elaboration of the ways and means. We hear of men trying to establish a hold upon others by all conceivable

methods, from intimidation to servility, and from flattery to the purchase of popularity at a great price. We suspect that too much subtlety here, as in most cases, defeats itself. The influence, particularly mental influence, of one man upon another is fortunately much less mystical than the influence of the stars upon human fate. Men seek to acquire influence by wit when they would do better to cultivate honesty, or by complexity of ideas when directness would serve them better, or by complaisance when all the time the key to the heart they would conquer is independence. It has been said that only one thing unfailingly gives a speaker the ear of the House of Commons, and that is sincerity. It is required that he should transparently believe what he says, and say it because he holds that it ought to be said. We believe that to be on the whole a perfectly accurate statement; but sincerity is not, after all, easily tested. It may exist in the most dangerous fanatic, and be absent in the amiable philanthropist who most earnestly protests it. The very word sincerity makes huge assumptions. One rule for influencing others is so simple, we believe, that it makes no assumptions at all. It is only necessary for a man who wishes to establish a domination over others to apply himself singly and unremittingly to some one matter, and make himself master of that, and that alone. He will surely become in due course the despot of many minds which are concerned with that one subject. Of course if he have sincerity his influence may be a good and lasting force in the world; but without assuming sincerity, we believe that the plainest rule for gaining influence is exclusive and rigid application to an idea. Is that possible without sincerity? Very rarely, we should think; but conceivably it might be so, and we are in search now of the narrowest definition which is adequate. A

man may come to possess great influence by preaching an idea incessantly and having at his disposal all the history of that idea, although he understands little of the hearts of human beings, and is interested in them even less. Thus Bacon said that the true composition of a counsellor was to be skilful in his master's business rather than in his nature. "Then he is like to advise him, and not to feed his humor."

Our thoughts have run in this fashion after reading the biographical notices of the late Herr von Holstein, who for a generation enjoyed an extraordinary ascendancy in the German Foreign Office, although outside that office he was no more than a name. The Emperor stood for Holstein's policy, yet he had hardly ever seen Holstein. Ambassadors desired in vain to see the inventor of German foreign policy for Holstein was content to keep his triumphs to himself. So long as he had the power, he was willing that others should have the credit. He never paraded himself or publicly took tribute from the world's ready admiration or curiosity. Observe, then, that Holstein did not gain his ends by "magnetism" or "charm," or any of those secrets of personality which a large part of mankind is searching for to-day as eagerly as Cagliostro's dupes for immortal youth. He simply spent laborious days in becoming an exceptionally competent official and in using his official position to insist on certain ideas again and again till they soaked into the brains of those in the Foreign Office. Many of his colleagues were necessarily a shifting population, and even the most important figures in the State were vastly junior to Holstein in experience and knowledge of the Department. This advantage which Holstein had belongs, of course, in a measure to the permanent officials of all the Departments of State in Constitutional

countries, but probably no one in modern history has used it to such effect as he did. His power was all the more real because it grew imperceptibly, and no one could point to a particular *coup* or act of inspiration through which he had arrived at it. The time came when he could dictate the whole foreign policy of Germany, appoint Ambassadors, and even determine the selection of a Chancellor, and yet none could say why or how he had such power. He had it, it seems now, solely because he gave his whole body, soul, and spirit to one occupation. If he suffered from few or no distractions he was aided by a certain characteristic Prussian narrowness which kept him in blinkers. The narrowness of his vision, indeed, ruined him in the end, because a moment came when it was necessary to read men and history with insight and sympathy; and there he failed. But it will always remain a marvel that this devoted official, by application and resolution which were unaccompanied by real statesmanship, accomplished as much as he did. He stuck to his last. He became complete master of one trade by steadfastly refusing the invitations to become a Jack of all.

Holstein was originally a disciple of Bismarck, coming into contact with that great master of German diplomacy when serving as a young man in the Diplomatic Service. In his subsequent career he was the conscience of Caprivi, of Hohenlohe, of Marschall, of Richthofen, and of Bülow. Those who watched the relations of Bismarck and Holstein when the latter was rising to power agree that Holstein did not succeed by special brilliance. In 1871 at Versailles Bismarck (as we learn from a singularly interesting and well-informed article in the *Times* from which we take some facts) sometimes used Holstein as a foil to his sallies. Bismarck understood his limitations while valuing his abilities. In

those pregnant times at Versailles, when the German Empire leaped into being, as well as at the Berlin Congress of 1878, where he was one of the German secretaries, Holstein added deep draughts of experience of men and affairs to what he had already learned in the routine movements of the Diplomatic Service. In 1895, when Bismarck fell from power, Holstein did not fulfil the expectations of his friends and follow his master into the wilderness. For ourselves, we can well believe that his work had become so much of a necessity and a duty to him that he honestly believed he was preferring his country's cause to a friend's cause in staying where he was. But Bismarck never wholly forgave him. When it was remarked to Bismarck during the events before his fall that Holstein did not come to his house as formerly, Bismarck replied: "He always had a good *flair*," as though to say: "The rat leaves the sinking ship." And later, when Holstein had an operation for cataract, Bismarck exclaimed brutally: "He always had something on his inner eye." Bismarck's fall signalized a further advance in Holstein's power. At this time a colleague in the German Foreign Office remarked with astonishment that "Holstein, who for ten years was taken seriously by nobody, now does everything himself." It was quite true. From then till 1906 Holstein was the genius—often, we fear, the evil genius—of German foreign policy. He worked, as we have said, in silence and in the comparative secrecy of the Foreign Office. To quote from the *Times*, "he did not appear at Court, and there seems to be only one occasion upon record when he came into personal contact with the present German Emperor. The Emperor had expressed a desire to meet the extraordinary man who did so much and was so little known. Prince Bülow invited Holstein to dinner, and told him that

it was to meet his Majesty. 'But,' replied Holstein, 'I don't believe that I have a dress-coat at present. I will try, however, to get one made in time, and, if I can't, perhaps the Emperor will take me as I am.' This was reported to his Majesty, who said that Herr von Holstein was to appear in any garb he pleased. When the meeting took place Holstein was in his usual frock-coat, and the Emperor laughingly tapped him on the shoulder and said:—'I see the dress-coat wasn't ready. It doesn't matter. I am glad to see you at last.' It is reported that Herr von Holstein was afterwards pleased to observe that the Emperor had made 'no bad impression' upon him." The extraordinary inversion of that last sentence is worth notice. The man who thought less of the impression he was making on the Emperor than of the impression the Emperor was making on him had, indeed, the power of indifference to all the ordinary motives which guide diplomats.

Holstein fell through political blindness, which was the defect of all his strength-giving aloofness. The policy he stood for was that Britain should be persuaded to sympathize with German colonial ambitions, while Germany in return should arrange British relations with Russia. How dismally he

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failed in the end! By his persecution of France in the Moroccan affair he prepared the way for all that he did not wish to see accomplished. The various States of Europe were thrown into unprecedented groupings in their desire to protect themselves from similar treatment, and Britain and Russia came together naturally without any need to pay Germany a commission for her services. But it is not on Holstein's fall that we would reflect, but on his long and gradual personal conquest. His object was a single object. He might have said, more or less, in Carteret's words: "My business is to knock the heads of the Kings of Europe together in order to help my own country." He served his country without once looking back, and we venture to believe that he did so sincerely according to his lights. Every one will be able to recall examples to-day of men who have become real "influences" in the world by devotion to one idea or one line of public service without necessarily being distinguished by any great general ability. But one might search for years without discovering a more vivid example than Holstein's career of the victory—for this is what it amounts to—of the definite mind over a mass of indefinite minds.

### SOME OLD-FASHIONED CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

In discussing affairs of fifty or sixty years ago and comparing them with those of the present time, the epithet "old-fashioned" must be used with caution and in a qualified manner. It may seem superfluous to emphasize so apparent a truism that the methods which to-day we call antiquated and out-of-date were once the most recent and approved lines of procedure, accepted by competent authorities and serving val-

uable purposes in their generation, but the obvious is often overlooked, and one of the most difficult mental processes to perform in any way adequately is that of transposing our point of view. We forget that competence is a matter of time and degree, discovery and education: the unprecedented swiftness of modern life is against us; the inordinate accumulation of impressions through the mediums of print, of

quicker access from place to place, of telephone and telegraph, baffles us. To be retrospective with any measure of accuracy we have to sweep aside a prodigious array of things which have become integral parts of our daily existence in order that the vista of the past may be unobstructed, and only when this is done can we eliminate from the term "old-fashioned" the suggestion of contempt with which a great many of us are inclined to endow it. On the other hand, it must be allowed that in some instances a kind of humorous surprise, an indulgent censure, is unavoidable when we consider the moods and manners of our ancestors. Analogies drawn from fashion's vagaries are not very safe, since foibles of dress and design may recur at any hour; but never again, it is perfectly certain, will literature return to the style of the earlier years of the nineteenth century. And of children's books this statement is more than ever true.

Only in the last two or three decades, it seems, have we made any urgent attempt to give the mind of the child its fare in an appetizing manner. It has been our fortune to chance upon an old packet containing "Literature for the Young," of varying dates, and to contrast it with the boys' and girls' books which come from the enterprising authors of the present day is edifying in the extreme—much more edifying than to read the "Literature" itself. Doubtless mothers have loved and children have played, fibbed, and wept from the beginning of things, but the dreary morality of these astonishing little volumes is calculated to raise a spirit of wonder as to how these mythical mothers, with their endless prosings, appealed to the real flesh-and-blood mothers, and how these very, very circumspect and sedate infants seemed to the children whose emulation they were supposed to inspire.

Not that we would infer morality to be an undesirable quality in child or man, but—there was such a flood of it in these fearsome pages! The favorite methods of the writers could be grouped under three or four headings and leave hardly any exceptions. A good boy and girl were introduced, conspicuously well-behaved, veritable moral Maxim guns, primed to the muzzle with virtuous remarks; to them enters presently an exceedingly bad boy or girl, or both, for whom bird's-nesting and teasing the cat are the chief ends of existence. Then the bad boy's behavior sets off the good boy into a perfect ecstasy of self-righteousness and reproof, and the bad boy, instead of exchanging a modicum of healthy head-punching, and thereby equalizing the moral tension, as in the electrical laboratory the positive and negative balls are discharged by contact, professes to be vastly interested. His arguments are, of course, refuted one by one, and he ends by leading a better life, as advertised by selling his collection of birds'-eggs and giving the proceeds to the gardener's golden-haired daughter, who is generally ill in bed and so priggishly patient that we want to box her ears. Occasionally, as a variation, the good boy makes unfortunate slips from the highway of rectitude, and then we have a stern (but very kind) father, or a gentle (but very firm) mother, who reasons with forensic gifts that would humiliate learned counsel. Let us hear the lustrous children in one or two of their speeches. George—it is a favorite name with these writers, and they somehow manage to give it a moral smack—has been hit by a cricket-ball; Walter and his sister visit a farm-yard:

"You never told us of your accident before," said Agnes. "Were you much hurt?"

"It was very painful at the time," said George, "but soon got well. It

was not worth while to make dear mamma uneasy for such a trifle."

"I hope," said Walter, "I shall never be greedy like these pigs. How they are pushing one another to try to get the best and most. I wish Master Harding could see them; I think it would cure him of gluttony."

"Hush, Walter," said Agnes, "we must not speak ill of the absent. Let us rather learn the hatefulness of gluttony, the pleasure of giving to others, and living together in love and peace."

Georgie (another one) has been discovered in tears because various untoward events have happened, and his father gracefully urges that everything should be told:

"Come, Georgie," he continued, smiling, after a moment's pause, seeing that his little boy still stood beside him without taking the seat he had pointed out "if you really do not wish to give me this history of your troubles, tell me so, frankly and fairly, and do not seek for false excuses."

"Papa," said Georgie, in some confusion, "the reason why I do not wish to tell you about my misfortunes is, that I am afraid you may not think them great enough to excuse me."

"But, my dear boy, do you think this is honest?"

"I will not deceive you, papa; I will be quite honest, and tell you everything," said Georgie, frankly, sitting down besides him.

He thereupon confesses that the sun was so bright when it "came peeping in" at his window that morning that he rose early, thinking to play with his pet rabbits; that when he went to find Lizzie, his sister, "she was not nearly ready to go to mamma's room to read our chapter," and so he had to wait. That upset his temper, and he cried because he could not reach a basket that was hanging on a hook, and wept again because the said basket tipped up and spilled some cabbages. The conversation upon this exhilarating topic occu-

pies eleven pages of close print, after which poor Georgie is sent in to his lessons.

Little Henry, however, is the most luridly good of this bunch of good boys. He lived in India, and "was taught by the servants many things which a little boy should not know; but the servants, being heathens, could not be expected to teach him anything better; and therefore they were not so much to be blamed as the lady who had undertaken the charge of Henry, who might have been ashamed to leave the child under the care of such persons." She, it seems, was "one of those fine ladies who will give their money (when they have any to spare) for the relief of distress, but have no idea how it is possible for any one to bestow all his goods to feed the poor, and yet want charity." Fortunately the daughter of a clergyman "came to reside for a while with his mamma," and, although he was then but five years of age and could speak only Hindoo, acquired from constant companionship with his bearer, "so diligent was she, that before he was six years old he could spell any words, however difficult, and could speak English quite readily." She told him of a great many things in which a child of tender years might be expected to take an interest, including "the dreadful hell, prepared for those who die in their sins." Under her tuition Henry becomes a paragon, and a very irritating one. "He never said a bad word, and was vexed when he heard any other person do it. If anybody had given him a rupee he would not spend it in sweetmeats or playthings; but he would change it and give it to the fakirs who were blind or lame, or such as seemed to be in real distress, as far as it would go." And the conversations of this wonderful child proceed on these lines:

*Lady:* "Can you find me one person who deserves to be called good? . . ."

*Henry:* "Oh! I know that I am not good. I have done many, many naughty things, which nobody knows of. . . ."

*Lady:* "Then you think yourself a sinner?"

*Henry:* "A very great one."

*Lady:* "Where do sinners go when they die? . . ."

"Now," proceeds the author, "the lady was pleased with little Henry's answers; but she did not praise him, lest he should become proud."

Shortly after this, she goes away to be married to "a very plios young man of the name of Baron," and Henry, playing the game properly, begins to have premonitions of his approaching end:

"There is a country," said Henry, "where we shall all be like dear brothers. It is a better country than this: there are no evil beasts; there is no more hunger, no more thirst; there the waters are sure; there the sun does not scorch by day, nor the moon smite by night. It is a country to which I sometimes think and hope I shall go very soon. . . . Sometimes I think," said he, "when I feel the pain which I did this morning, that I shall not live long."

The reader is not disappointed; Henry dies beautifully; but the author concludes rather unkindly: "Little children in India, remember Henry, and go, and do likewise."

The bad boy usually is lectured by the good girl. Master Jenkins, of Mrs. Trimmer's "Fabulous Histories," was a very reprehensible character indeed, who stoned dogs, worried cats, and ought to have been soundly thrashed instead of being merely remonstrated with in this way:

"For shame, Master Jenkins!" said Miss Harriet. "How can you talk in that rhodomontade manner? I cannot believe any young gentleman could bring his heart to such barbarities."

"Barbarities, indeed! Why, have we

not a right to do as we please to dogs and cats, or do you think they feel as we do? Fiddle-faddle of your nonsense, say I. Come, you must hear the end of my story. . . ."

"Stop! stop!" exclaimed Miss Harriet, "for pity's sake, stop! I can hear no more of your horrid stories, nor would I commit even one of those barbarities which you boast of for the world! Poor innocent creatures! What had they done to deserve such usage?"

"I beg, Edward," said his sister, "that you will find some other way to entertain us, or I shall really tell Mrs. Benson of you."

The bad boy proceeds in his gory narrative, but "Miss Benson and his sister stopped their ears."

The grown-up people of the "Nature" tales are no less alarming than those of the "moral" books. The children put leading questions at appropriate moments, and it is as though the cork had been taken out of a bottle. "Can you tell me, dear mamma, how many eggs the lark lays?" asked Agnes; and off they go:

"She lays" answered Mrs. Melville, "four or five. They are of a dusky color, and she sits a fortnight before they are hatched. During this time her mate is most attentive, and cheers her with his song. Rising to an imperceptible height, he keeps his beloved partner in view, nor once loses sight of his nest, either in ascending or descending. . . ."

"Now, dear mamma," said Agnes, "we are all ready. Will you be so kind as to tell us the history of the grasshopper?"

"With pleasure," replied Mrs. Melville. "The insect Walter has found is one of the largest kind that is a native of this country. . . ."

This naturally leads on to the locust, which is the signal for several pages of dissertation and quotation. Mrs. Melville is aided and abetted by a Miss St. Clair, who is just as indefatigable and just as florid in her disquisitions.

The children notice a dragon-fly, and this estimable lady responds as at the pressure of a spring:

"They are beautiful creatures," remarked Miss St. Clair. "I like to see them as they dart about in the sunshine, sparkling like gems, their polished wings reflecting the bright beams in which they revel; and darting after their prey with such rapidity, that the eye is unable to follow the mazy intricacy of their flight."

"Every insect is beautiful," said Mrs. Melville. "The garden, field, hedge, rivulet are all animated with a profusion of beautiful creatures, sporting about, and lightly traversing the air in a thousand directions."

On their return from a ramble one evening, the party "contemplated, with great admiration, the sun just sinking behind the blue mountains in the distance, and irradiating them with a flood of golden light":

"This is the sunset I most admire," said Miss St. Clair. "So peaceful and tranquil, so bright and cloudless. The orb of day descending to the horizon like a large globe of fire, and leaving a beautiful crimson glow on the landscape, a promise of as brilliant a rising on the coming morn."

"I must say I do not agree with you," said Mrs. Melville. "This is a beautiful sunset, but I prefer a stormy one. There is more variety; the clouds are piled one on another in massive grandeur, some of them like mountains of snow, almost dazzling the eye with their brilliant whiteness; others dark, concealed by intervening masses from the cheering brightness of the sun's rays, and frowning in majestic grandeur like the beetling crag of some stupendous rock. Again, some reflect the rays of the sun, as he descends, in rich coloring, casting on the hills a purple tint, and adding to the beauty of the prospect. Then the glorious luminary is sometimes obscured by a cloud ere he reaches the horizon; but, emerging from his temporary veil, he appears more brilliant from the contrast of the

dark shade that for a time surrounded him, and illuminating the landscape with a gorgeous crimson beam, his last gift, he sinks from our view, to cheer other climes with his life-giving influences."

As Mrs. Melville concluded the sun disappeared.

We can hardly blame it. Mrs. Melville is a perfect encyclopædia, and would effectually overwhelm the spirits of the liveliest picnic-party that ever set forth. She is for ever spotting some insect or animal and gushing about it. "On the upper branch of that thorn-tree is a little bird I want to observe"—this is the sort of remark which comes most naturally to her lips.

The author of the "Fabulous Histories" previously quoted is not content with giving her human characters an impressive conversational equipment; she brings in a brood of robins whose remarks are simply staggering. Young Robin, the "bad boy" of the brood, has been showing off, and the parent retaliates:

"To show you that you are not master of the nest, I desire you to get from under my wing, and sit on the outside, while I cherish those that are dutiful and good." Robin, greatly mortified, retired from his mother; on which, Dicky, with the utmost kindness, began to intercede for him.

"Pardon Robin, my dear mother, I entreat you," said he. "I heartily forgive his treatment of me, and would not have complained to you, had it not been necessary for my own justification."

A mocking-bird is a secondary character here, and the reader might feel inclined to rebel were it not for the sublime footnote—"The mock-bird is properly a native of America, but is introduced here for the sake of the moral"! In a flight *en famille*, the robins witness the shooting of a redstart and have a

severe lesson, which is "rubbed in" by the ineffable parent in a manner which makes the reader long to wring his neck:

He (the redstart) struggled just long enough to cry, "Oh, my dear father! Why did I not listen to your admonitions, which I now find, too late, were the dictates of tenderness?" and then expired.

"He was shot to death," says the elder robin, "and had you not followed my directions, it might have been the fate of every one of you. Therefore, let it be a lesson to you to follow every injunction of your parents with the same readiness for the future. . . ."

The adults in this book talk, of course, in the same grandiose style:

After her little visitors had departed, Miss Harriet went into the drawing-room, and having paid her compliments, she sat herself down that she might improve her mind by the conversation of the company.

"I have been," said a lady who was present, "for a long time accustomed to consider animals as mere machines. . . . but the sight of the Learned Pig, which has been lately shown in London, has deranged these ideas, and I know not what to think."

And the Pig is discussed minutely. At the finish, Master Jenkins, after a career of teasing animals, pulling his schoolmates' hair and pinching their arms, "was despised by all with whom he had any intercourse," and finally was thrown from "a fine horse," which he was "beating and spurring merely because it did not go a faster pace than it was able to do," to be killed on the spot as an awful warning; the rest of the company are fitted out with gifts suitable to their behavior, and the book closes with genial wishes for her "young readers" on the part of the author.

Such was the children's fare of fifty and sixty years ago. Stories of adven-

ture, of school doings, of life at all resembling the real thing, such as those which flood our bookshops at Christmas, were few and far to seek—almost, in fact, unknown. Ballantyne, Jules Verne, Kingston, Talbot Baines Reed—these names and others dear to the hearts of boys of the seventies and eighties were yet to come, and of periodicals devoted to juvenile pursuits and hobbies there was hardly one. Yet, certain as we might feel that a course of reading taken from literature of a type such as that quoted above would engender a race of little prigs of both sexes, it seems to have done more good than harm; there was nothing pernicious about it; it was distinctly—a trifle too distinctly—on the side of the angels. Our fathers used to read it—they had to read it, many of them!—and grew up fine specimens of the Englishman; our mothers pored over it, and lost no charm of sweet and adorable motherhood. The truth is that the human soul, regardless of politics or methods of movements, is essentially liberal, inherently mobile to changes of thought, modifications of manners, alterations of the point of view; in contact with the ever-fresh child-mind, although it may no longer "think as a child, speak as a child," and may have "put away childish things," it expands and adapts itself to the conditions which are new, harmonizes with the schemes of a life that seems untraceable to its former heritage. The child's soul is the guardian of the world's faith. True child-likeness—which is very far from being childishness—often preserves a man from hurt and soil in the battle when a cynical acuteness would fail.

It is hardly likely that posterity will feel inclined to scoff at the literature which we now provide in such immense quantities for the children. Taken *en masse*, it is fairly innocuous, and far more calculated to inspire nobleness of

character than the insipid and stilted brochures of former years, with their caricatures of good and bad children, their didactic fathers and mothers, who might have been wooden models for all the sense of naturalness they conveyed. When, in due course, our own time and century shall have become "old-fashioned," and the children romping in the nurseries to-day shall turn to a tattered pile of high adventures and daring deeds in bindings that once were brilliant, it is more than probable that they will be able to pass them down to the next generation with feelings of pleasure. And, however instructive

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and harmless Mrs. Trimmer and her contemporaries were we cannot venture to do that with their books—we should be greeted with howls of derision from the nursery floor, and sent about our business, which would be to bring in something that should pass the young censors as up to standard in excitement and heroism. The old writers were far too fervently anxious about their young friends' rectitude, forgetting that children are never inherently base; forgetting, too, that while a horse may enjoy a feed of hay and be grateful for it, he might resent having a truss of it dropped upon his head!

## THE GOVERNMENT AND AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH.

Mr. Asquith's announcement that a special Government Department for Aërial Investigation is being formed will be read with the keenest satisfaction by everyone who is interested in scientific research. It is but a short time ago that the Aërial League was founded under the chairmanship of Colonel Massy, mainly with the object of stimulating national interest in the aërial problem. The evidence before us points to the belief that, whatever other causes may have been at work, Colonel Massy's movement has been to the forefront among them. Of this we have abundant proofs in the fact that about the middle of April proposals of the League were discussed by a committee of the War Office appointed by Mr. Haldane.

An important feature of the movement is the appointment of a scientific committee to organize continuous researches, experimental and otherwise, on problems connected with the design and construction of aërial machines. The National Physical Laboratory at Teddington is to be the centre for these researches, and the committee consists

of Lord Rayleigh (president), Dr. Glazebrook (chairman), Major-General Sir Charles Hadden, and Captain R. H. S. Bacon, representing the Army and Navy, Sir A. G. Greenhill and Prof. J. E. Petavel, Dr. W. N. Shaw, and Messrs. Horace Darwin, Mallock, and Lanchester. The Prime Minister has stated that special and adequate funds have been placed at the disposal of the committee, the War Office, and the Admiralty for carrying out the programme.

Regarding the working of the committee, nothing definite has as yet been announced. It seems, however, understood that in addition to experimental work, one of their functions will be to advise the Admiralty and War Office on inventions which may be submitted to them or on processes which it may be in the interests of the country for the Government to acquire instead of allowing them to be divulged.

It is clear, both from the constitution of the committee and from the accounts given in the Press, that mathematical and physical investigations are to receive a large share of attention,

and that the mere building of aero-planes and experience in manipulating them are not to interfere with the less enticing and no less important work of finding out the fundamental principles underlying their construction. The problem of stability is specially singled out for mention. The mathematics of this problem is pretty complicated, and it is easy to remain for a long time within clear sight of final conclusions when there is still much ground to be covered before reaching them. But, given the necessary methods of calculation, experiments are still required to determine the data involved in obtaining numerical results. A mathematical investigation now in progress tends to show that broad aero-planes may be less stable than might be inferred from ordinary calculations of their resultant thrust and centre of pressure. But such an investigation is necessarily based on hydrodynamical assumptions, and laboratory experiments are required before any practical use can be made of the conclusions. It must be remembered, on the other hand, that questions of stability or instability of particular types of machine can never be decided by flights in which the human element has a guiding influence. There is still work to be done with models. On the practical side the committee will have abundant experimental work in connection with propellers, for the motion of a screw in fluid presents complications which render any attempt at hydrodynamical treatment practically hopeless.

It is scarcely surprising that the cry "too much theory; fears that talk may injure work" finds its way into the papers, and that some members of the Aéro Club put in a plea for the "practical man." The fact seems, however, to be overlooked that the appointment of this committee forms only part of a general scheme, the practical side being provided by the War Office and the

Admiralty, both of which departments have dirigibles in course of construction. A Parliamentary committee embracing politicians of all parties is also announced.

It would be more correct, however, to describe the present position of aeronautics in England as "too much theorizing and too little theory." Many papers have found their way into aeronautical and other periodicals, some of them full of algebraic symbols and formulæ, but an investigation is not necessarily mathematical because it contains equations, and the author is not necessarily a mathematician because he employs them. Indeed, in many cases it is the "practical man" who revels in the excessive use and abuse of formulæ, and the mathematician and physicist who would like to bring themselves into touch with practical problems are consequently deterred from reading such literature. Moreover, there is a want of suitable journals for the publication of mathematical and physical investigations bearing on aeronautics. They would be rather out of place in physical journals which deal more with such subjects as electricity and radioactivity; while any writer bold enough to try the journals just mentioned would probably find himself involved in a controversial correspondence, and would learn that too much talk *did injure work*, especially as no good would probably come of his attempts to enlighten his correspondents.

The need is thus becoming imminent for a clear division of labor between the practical man and the physicist, and if such a division should do no more than make the practical man confine his attention more exclusively to experimental work, much would be gained, and his researches would be made more accessible and useful. A division of a similar kind has now, we are glad to learn, been arrived at between the three leading societies de-

voted to aéronautics, namely, the Aéronautical Society, the Aéro Club, and the Aérial League. The Aéronautical Society mainly exists for the purpose of promoting discussions on aéronautical matters, and these consequently fall within its province. The Aéro Club undertakes the development of aéronautics from the point of view of sport. It desires to encourage men of means and leisure to practise aviation and ballooning for the pleasure they derive, and with the incentive of competing for prizes. Finally, the Aérial League is to be the paramount body in

*Nature.*

influencing public opinion in the development of the subject from the point of view of national defence. An agreement to this effect has been drawn up and signed by the presidents of the several societies.

England's neglect of science has lost the chemical and optical industries, and in the automobile industry France had a long start of us. It certainly does appear evident that in regard to aéronautics at least a serious attempt is being made to recover lost ground in the field of international competition.

*G. H. Bryan.*

## THE ISLAND HAWK.

### I.

*Chorus—*

*Ships have swept with my conquering name  
Over the waves of war,  
Swept thro' the Spaniards' thunder and flame  
To the splendor of Trafalgar;  
On the blistered decks of their great renown,  
In the wind of my storm-beat wings,  
Hawkins and Hawke went sailing down  
To the harbor of deep-sea kings!  
By the storm-beat wings of the hawk, the hawk,  
Bent beak and pitiless breast,  
They clove their way thro' the red sea-fray:  
Who wakens me now to the quest?*

### II.

Hushed are the whimpering winds on the hill,  
Dumb is the shrinking plain,  
And the songs that enchanted the woods are still  
As I shoot to the skies again!  
Does the blood grow black on my fierce bent beak,  
Does the down still cling to my claw?  
Who brightened these eyes for the prey they seek?  
Life, I follow thy law!  
*For I am the hawk, the hawk, the hawk!  
Who knoweth my pitiless breast?  
Who watcheth me sly in the wild wind's way?  
Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## III.

As I glide and glide with my peering head,  
Or swerve at a puff of smoke,  
Who watcheth my wings on the wind outspread,  
Here—gone—with an instant stroke?  
Who toucheth the glory of life I feel  
As I buffet this great glad gale,  
Spire and spire to the cloud-world, wheel,  
Loosen my wings and sail?

*For I am the hawk, the island hawk,  
Who knoweth my pitiless breast?  
Who watcheth me sway in the sun's bright way?  
Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## IV.

Had they given me "Cloud-cuckoo-city" to guard  
Between mankind and the sky!—  
Tho' the dew might shine on an April sward,  
Iris had ne'er passed by,  
Swift as her beautiful wings might be  
From the rosy Olympian hill;  
Had Epos entrusted the gates to me  
Earth were his kingdom still.

*For I am the hawk, the archer, the hawk!  
Who knoweth my pitiless breast?  
Who watcheth me sway in the wild wind's way?  
Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## V.

My mate in the nest on the high bright tree  
Blazing with dawn and dew,  
She knoweth the gleam of the world and the glee  
As I drop like a bolt from the blue;  
She knoweth the fire of the level flight  
As I skim, close, close to the ground,  
With the long grass lashing my breast and the bright  
Dew-drops flashing around.

*She watcheth the hawk, the hawk, the hawk  
(Oh, the red-blotched eggs in the nest!)  
Watcheth him sway in the sun's bright way;  
Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## VI.

She bulded her nest on the high bright wold,  
She was taught in a world afar,  
The lore that is only an April old  
Yet old as the evening star;

Life of a far off ancient day  
 In an hour unhooded her eyes;  
 In the time of the budding of one green spray  
 She was wise as the stars are wise,  
*'Brown flower of the tree of the hawk, the hawk,  
 On the old elm's burgeoning breast,  
 She watcheth me sway in the wild wind's way:  
 Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## VII.

Spirit and sap of the sweet swift Spring,  
 Fire of our island soul,  
 Burn in her breast and pulse in her wing  
 While the endless ages roll;  
 Avatar—she—of the perilous pride  
 That plundered the golden West,  
 Her glance is a sword, but it sweeps too wide  
 For a rumor to trouble her rest.  
*She goeth her glorious way, the hawk,  
 She nurseth her brood alone:  
 She will not scoop for an urchin's whoop,  
 She hath calls and cries of her own.*

## VIII.

There was never a dale in our isle so deep  
 That her wide wings were not free  
 To soar to the sovran heights and keep  
 Sight of the rolling sea:  
 Is it there, is it here in the rolling skies,  
 The realm of her future fame?  
 Look once, look once in her glittering eyes,  
 Ye shall find her the same, the same.  
*Up to the skies with the hawk, the hawk,  
 As it was in the days of old!  
 Ye shall sail once more, ye shall soar, ye shall soar  
 To the new-found realms of gold.*

## IX.

She hath ridden on white Arabian steeds  
 Thro' the ringing English dells,  
 For the joy of a great queen, hunting in state,  
 To the music of golden bells;  
 A queen's fair fingers have drawn the hood  
 And tossed her aloft in the blue,  
 A white hand eager for needless blood;  
 I hunt for the needs of two.

*Yet I am the hawk, the hawk, the hawk!*  
*Who knoweth my pitiless breast?*  
*Who watcheth me stay in the sun's bright way?*  
*Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## X.

Who fashioned her wide and splendid eyes  
That have stared in the eyes of kings?  
With a silken twist she was looped to their wrist:  
She has clawed at their jewelled rings!  
Who flung her first thro' the crimson dawn  
To pluck him a prey from the skies,  
When the love-light shone upon lake and lawn  
In the valleys of Paradise?

*Who fashioned the hawk, the hawk, the hawk,*  
*Bent beak and pitiless breast?*  
*Who watcheth him stay in the wild wind's way?*  
*Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## XI.

Is there ever a song in all the world  
Shall say how the quest began  
With the beak and the wings that have made us kings  
And cruel—almost—as man?  
The wild wind whimpers across the heath  
Where the sad little tufts of blue  
And the red-stained gray little feathers of death  
Flutter! *Who fashioned us? Who?*  
*Who fashioned the scimitar wings of the hawk,*  
*Bent beak and arrowy breast?*  
*Who watcheth him stay in the sun's bright way?*  
*Flee—flee—for I quest, I quest.*

## XII.

Linnet and wood-pecker, red-cap and jay,  
Shriek that a doom shall fall  
One day, one day, on my pitiless way  
From the sky that is over us all;  
But the great blue hawk of the heavens above  
Fashioned the world for his prey,—  
King and Queen and hawk and dove,  
We shall meet in his clutch that day;  
*Shall I not welcome him, I, the hawk?*  
*Yea, cry, as they shrink from his claw,*  
*Cry, as I die, to the unknown sky,*  
*Life, I follow thy law!*

## XIII.

*Chorus—**Ships have swept with my conquering name . . .*

Over the world and beyond,

Hark! Bellerophon, Marlborough, Thunderer,

Condor, respond!—

*On the blistered decks of their dread renown,**In the rush of my storm-beat wings,**Hawkins and Hawke went sailing down**To the glory of deep-sea kings!**By the storm-beat wings of the hawk, the hawk,**Bent beak and pitiless breast,**They clove their way thro' the red sea-fray!**Who wakens me now to the quest?*

The Fortnightly Review.

Alfred Noyes.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mrs. Augusta Hale Gifford's "New Italy" covers a longer period than is indicated by its title, for nearly half of its space is occupied by the period between the close of the fifth and the middle of the sixteenth century, but in the remaining half is a very good account of Italy under Napoleon, the period of revolution, the unification, the end of the temporal power, and the union of Italy under the princes of Savoy. The author gives all necessary dates, but prefers to fix her readers' attention upon the statesmen who have made Italy rather than upon the precise order of their deeds, in order that young students may have a clear idea of the kingdom's rise and growth. The author, the sister of Senator Hale, and the wife of Mr. Gifford of the diplomatic service, has lived for many years in Italy and is thoroughly familiar with her subject. Her work is illustrated by many portraits, and the story is brought down to the earthquake of 1908. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.

waymen, the Prince Regent, and discontented laborers, almost anything might happen in England, and the author has so arranged his plot that all the causes of disturbance touch his heroine's life. Lady Betty Walmisley is a Devon heiress who gives her heart to a mysterious man, who thus becomes involved in the web of intrigue woven about her by an enemy of her dead father. As abduction is the amusement of many of the personages everybody in the story leads an eventful life and a mere list of the incidents would be a formidable array. They are logically and ingeniously arranged, and not for a chapter is the reader allowed to fancy that he knows what the end may be. The story is long, the old three-decker beloved by Mr. Kipling, and really takes those who embark upon it to those islands of the blest, where for the moment they may forget the tariff, the Panama Canal, railway companies in rebellion, and all other realities. Little, Brown & Co.

Mr. Percy Brebner's "A Royal Ward" is a romance of the time when, what with Napoleon, smugglers, high-

Says the publishers' notice on the loose cover of Mrs. Humphry Ward's "Marriage à la Mode," "The story pic-

tures vividly some fundamental differences between American and English character and social customs." The "American" heroine and chief exponent of "American character and social customs" is the daughter of an Irishman who once lived in Chicago to the detriment of its politics and the increase of his fortune. Her mother was an Argentinian, and between her simplicity and her husband's disposition, the girl grows up selfish, without principle, and entirely self-willed. She marries an Englishman whom she encounters while he is in search of a rich American wife; becomes estranged from him by causeless jealousy, and successfully plots to obtain a divorce. There is nothing especially American in all this and the story could be matched offhand by real cases easily found in "Who's Who," and provided with sequels in the shape of second marriages. It is true that in certain of the United States divorces may be obtained more easily and quickly than in Great Britain, but both John Bull and Mrs. Bull are alert to take advantage of the privileges given by the law of their country, and Mrs. Ward cannot plead ignorance of their proclivities. Undeniably she has so described a detestable woman that she seems doubly detestable, and she has shown a species of selfishness quite as mischievous as the grossest sensuality, but one expects more and much more from her, and "Marriage à la Mode" is inferior to her very first story. Naturally, she has made a few errors in the matter of the heroine's citizenship, but in this book they are of small consequence. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Were it possible to discern the limit dividing the work of the author from the combined achievement of the amanuensis, the editor, the printer, and the proof-reader, it would be interesting to

make conjectures as to the possible writer of "The Inner Shrine," the striking story recently published anonymously in Harper's Magazine, but as they are inextricably entangled one can only say that it reads as if written by a worshiper of Mrs. Humphry Ward. It might even pass for Mrs. Ward's own work. The objection that the greater part of the action passes in New York and the haunts of New Yorkers, is decidedly tenuous, as Mrs. Ward has for many years been familiar with certain parts of New York and certain New York circles, and also with the American colony in Paris and moreover, the heroine although married to a self-expatriated New York man is French by birth, half French by blood, and almost wholly French in thought, and such a character would present no difficulties to Mrs. Ward. The hero is an American widower, who choosing a penniless widow as companion and guide for his daughter, finds that she is an ideal companion for himself. The slanders of a Frenchman repelled by the widow during her married life, temporarily sever the engagement of the two, but it is renewed and the story closes upon general happiness, even the Frenchman being admitted to grace because he has confessed, before all concerned, that he has lied. The Americans in the story assert that the admission cancels the lie; the second heroine begs the slanderer to marry her, and the old lady who on account of his lie has done her best to exclude the heroine from New York society, declares that after such a confession Americans would "pity him and take him to their hearts." The American reader may doubt that a slanderer, even if he excused himself on the ground that his countrymen allow lies of a certain sort, would be received with so much gracious warmth. Setting aside the scene in which this point is debated the Americans in the

story behave very like real Americans, and the young girls are treated with especial skill. Harper & Bros.

"We are all mad in Trescas," says Simon Mold, addressing his fellow Trescans at large in Mr. Morley Roberts's "David Bran," and, if not actually frenzied, nearly all the personages are, from first to last, very easily jostled from such foothold in sanity as they have, and led to rave wildly over their troubles which are many. The hero loves and is loved by a girl unwilling to marry him, because she fears death in childbirth, and she causes him to meet, love and marry a woman physically her opposite. Having done this without taking the trouble to alienate her own affections from him, she is furiously jealous of the wife, and yet loves her for her genuine goodness of heart, and the man is comfortably happy with both. By way of further complicating their scheme of existence, the hero's mother decides, not long after her grandson is born, that it will be wise to murder the girl, an altogether superfluous creature in her eyes. Unfortunately, the blow aimed at the girl falls upon the wife, and wild scenes follow whence everybody emerges alive, happy and contented. Mr. Roberts does not accomplish this bit of juggling with ease, he does not even make it credible, but he does keep the reader's attention fixed, not only through the strange events, but through the villagers' long-drawn comments which are excellent. Indeed, they are so good that one half suspects that the story was written for their sake, to show that Mr. Hardy is not the only novelist who can create a fine company of clowns to play chorus to his principal persons. Mr. Roberts is never weary of trying experiments, and this would have been more worthy of his genius than an attempt to outdo authors who, not being able to com-

mand attention in any other way, strive to draw it by frank coarseness. Mr. Roberts can write a superb sea story; he can outdo Mr. Jacobs in the field of comic fiction; he can even write inoffensive stories of persons whose good manners are their only claim to toleration in a world governed by law; and he has once shown his power to present the tragedy of a life darkened by inherited tendency to sin and by early environment; but neither he nor any man can make the loves of animals an agreeable subject of contemplation, and there is little above the animal in David Bran and the two women whom he loves. L. C. Page & Co.

Mrs. Kate V. St. Maur takes the subject of amateurs' agriculture seriously. There is no poetry and no fun in her "The Earth's Bounty" but there are accounts of sheep breeding and flower cultivation, a chapter on methods by which the small farmer may increase his income; chapters on tillage and rotation of crops, building and operating a silo, and barnyard wealth: disquisitions on the orchard and the dairy and cattle-rearing; a chapter on horse-breeding and early training; chapters on rearing quail and wild-duck, goats, thoroughbred poultry and dogs, and on the management of wood lots. Figures are given as to the profits to be derived from all these industries. The author has evidently enjoyed every moment of her work and describes it with so much spirit as to fill the reader with the desire to try some of her experiments, especially as they seem reasonably profitable. An itinerary of the year's duties, from good resolutions in January to well-earned rest in December, closes the little volume, agreeably showing the amateur something of the daily tasks to be done if he, like the author, would have a self-supporting home. The Macmillan Co.

